

FOR CHRISTMAS: GAY TALESE'S HEFNER (PART II), TOM WOLFE'S SEVENTIES, LARTIGUE'S LADIES, TIM O'BRIEN'S VIETNAM VETS...

ESQUIRE

DECEMBER 1979

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BY

TRUMAN

CAPOTE



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The best cassette deck with FluorScan metering and an erase head for metal tape.

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35MM CAMERA OF
THE 1980 OLYMPIC
WINTER GAMES

ONLY THE BEST



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You can find out for yourself what it's like to own the best with the Canon AE-1. The camera that started the modern revolution in photography by making great performance as simple as focus and click, yet clever, affordable. Pure merit, thought possible. And we're

not the only ones who think that. The AE-1 is the best automatic 35mm camera you can buy. Since its introduction, it has become the most asked-for camera of all types in history.

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Canon AE-1 is a 35mm SLR camera with a built-in flash. It features a range-finder viewfinder, a 1/1000 shutter speed, and a 1/2500 flash sync. The camera is available in black and silver finishes. Price: \$299.95. Canon USA, Inc., 10000 Canon Blvd., Cypress, CA 90630.

Capote's Artful Nonfiction

His swift simplicity. His newest advice to young writers

To many readers, it may come as a surprise to learn that Truman Capote has not written fiction in many years. In the mid-Fifties, he had the idea of traveling with a company of strangers to observe their production of *Porgy and Bess* in Kansas. His report, "The Muses Are Heard," began his career as a reporter of real people and actual events. He has persisted in it to this day.

Why, then, do we persist in thinking of him as one of our foremost novelists? Capote himself is responsible. He called his *Cold Blood*, his account of the "Coffey murder" in Arkansas, a "nonfiction novel." He has referred to his work in progress, *Answered Prayers*, as a novel. His term for "Doodle" in this issue on page 30, is "nonfiction short story." What does he mean by this rearing-up of genres?

As it turns out, he means the utilization of stylistic effects common to good novels but rarely used by reporters. He does not mean that his work is a fictitious drama of reality—that is, that events are altered for dramatic effect, that characters are composites of several people, that dialogue is made up, language is, means, simply, that the history is of the highest literary quality. "Doodle" is autobiographical from first to last," he says, but it reads like a short story. Capote uses the word "immediacy" and strives to make past events seem to take place all around the reader, up close and now. In an essay on a column in the December issue of *Esquire*, he says he tries to combine "the credibility of the fact, the immediacy of film, the depth and freedom of prose, and the precision of poetry."

When four chapters from *Answered Prayers* appeared in *Esquire* in 1975 and 1976, they created, to put it mildly, a stir. "The reaction was unbelievable," Capote says. "I might just as well have killed the *Los Angeles* baby." In those chapters, he had reported on the less than admirable behavior of some people in society, and at the time it was said that he had betrayed the confidences of his friends. To these charges Capote has turned a deaf ear,



Truman Capote

but the fact is that his work on *Answered Prayers* soon slowed and then stopped, although not, he says, because of the reaction to the *Esquire* chapters. He was growing profoundly disturbed by the way his book was going.

He began to find his sentences too dense, too verbose, too overburdened. He has always sought clarity at all costs, and now he felt he wasn't delivering it, not to the degree he wished. So for three years, he has been reworking, writing exercises to reach the way he practiced writing as an adolescent and in much the way a musician practices scales. He cut down concretions he had with the people in his everyday life, people like his daughter. He talked over these to give them a literary shape. He wrote a series of autobiographical pieces of varying length, and "Doodle"—a story of his favorites of these. Much of this new writing will be published next fall in a collection called *Strange Days*. The revised and completed *Answered Prayers* will follow sometime afterward.

"I couldn't have written 'Doodle' before this," says Capote, "because I

wasn't prepared to fit something as psychologically complicated into such a short space. I think I've now arrived at what I call a swift simplicity. I've been working on speeding up my effects."

For instance? "Well, at the climactic moment in 'Doodle,' when Mrs. Ferguson kills the gun, I do a quick cut. Bess! I'm back so my house is the next paragraph, and the story ends in three more. A lot happens in those final paragraphs, in fact the whole point of the story is there, but it all means very fast. At one time, I might have been tempted to write about what happened after she killed the jewel and how I came to get home and all that. Actually, I can't remember how I got home. But you see, what really happened was that I was hypnotized by love. I didn't like the woman, and I didn't trust her. When she told me I was pretty enough to be in the movies, I thought she knew all along the secret I had come to tell her, so I just married her out. When she switched into the dumb act she knew how to do, choosing hysterically, and I just went into shock, blacking out. I think it was her sex act who took me home."

Young writers often turn to Capote for advice, and he likes to emphasize two points. Should they take creative writing courses in college and attend journalism schools? "I tell them yes. I think straight journalism can be taught, but I don't think any other form of writing can be taught. But in these classes, the young writer gets a captive audience, he gets reactions, he can bounce his work off others. He's not just faced with printed rejection slips alone any longer."

"Or, I tell them, do what I did! Get a job, any job, in publishing or magazines for a little while. One learns the sheer mechanics of getting things into print. Writing is an art, but it's also a industry, and there's no advantage to any writer in learning about it. My point to young writers is to realize. Don't just go up to a paid editor all alone and brood and write. You need that stage soon enough anyway."



THE BMW 528i. A CAR THAT MEETS THE DEMANDS OF THE 80's WITHOUT VIOLATING THE CONCEPT OF A BMW.

Conventional automotive wisdom has it that any increase in a car's environmental control paraphernalia must inevitably result in a corresponding decrease in performance.

Indeed, many serious automotive writers have warned that pollution systems and fuel efficiency regulations have all but scuttled the dream for high-performance automobiles.

These gloomy predictions, however, do not take into consideration the determination of the engineers at the Bavarian Motor Works to build extraordinary automobiles.

Against all odds, the BMW 528i not only meets the demands of society, it also provides the kind of exhilarating driving experience that most people have all but given up for lost in today's luxury automobiles.

AMCST INCREASING MEDIC
187X, BMW GETS EVEN BETTER
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528i's fuel-injected, six-cylinder, overhead cam engine responds in a manner that can only be described as exhilarating.

And yet, the 528i (with standard transmission) delivers an impressive 22.3 EPA estimated mpg, 26 estimated highway mileage and, based on these figures, an estimated mpg range of 22.3/30 miles and a highway range of 420 miles.

(Naturally our fuel efficiency figures are for comparison purposes only. Your actual mileage and range may vary, depending on speed, weather and trip length. Your actual highway mileage and highway range will most likely be lower.)

Its four-speed manual transmission (Automatic is available) runs smoothly and precisely up through the gears.

Its suspension system—independent on all four wheels—provides the driver with an uncanny feel of the road

And, while the 528i provides as long a list of luxury items as one could sensibly require—AM/FM stereo cassette, full-power accessories, air conditioning, etc.—its luxury is purposefully engineered to help prevent driver fatigue.

Visit controls are within easy reach, the tachometer, speedometer and ancillary instruments are well marked and easy to read.

Its front seats are designed to hold their occupants firmly in place, and are so thoroughly adjustable that it is all but impossible not to find a comfortable seating position.

If you'd care to judge the extraordinary performance of the 528i for yourself, phone your nearest BMW dealer or he will arrange a thorough test drive at your convenience.

THE ULTIMATE DRIVING MACHINE.
Bavarian Motor Works, Munich, Germany



The Sound and the Fury

Postponing

So Gad Sheehy doesn't think we work hard enough ("Introducing the Postponing Generation," October). Her own statistics on the education level of the sample indicate what a top-down and unrepresentative survey it was, maybe she's the one who doesn't like to work.

There is little likelihood of clinical objectivity where our age group is concerned—knowing as we do that it is so safe even Nixon did it. We own precious few newspapers, radio stations, or magazines, our opportunities for rebuttal are correspondingly limited. We're not interested in making money? Perhaps that's an oblique recognition that at our age there's still much to be made in an economy screwed up by—but let's not waste energy.

John Henley
New York, N.Y.

Gad Sheehy's otherwise thoughtful article left me somewhat disappointed in its conclusion. When Mr. Sheehy suggests that true achievement will only take place by "trading off" in terms of "personal growth," I take issue to the saying that the final solution is to be found in "settling" for something less than the original dream.

Since I find myself in that category of young men who have postponed immediate gratifications in favor of long-term goals, I find little comfort in the "trade off" scenario I would rather pursue an impossible goal than settle for the small change that Mr. Sheehy claims is my due reward.

Loren Richard Klebe
Edwardsville, Ill.

"The Truth About Today's Young Men" also applies very aptly to today's young women. However, in addition to pursuing life choices that will provide the mere things, their male counterparts want, women are faced with the biological fact of the child-bearing years, a reality they can't postpone.

Whereas they have chosen to remain single but who ultimately must children are sought between two dreams.

Unable to act before they are psychologically or circumstantially ready, they often find themselves without a means and approaching the physiological deadline when they finally do decide they want to begin a family.

For many of these women currently in the twenty-eight-to-thirty-four age bracket, the situation is further complicated by political factors. They are attracted to and isolate to the wrong attitudes, and psychological goals of men their own age and younger, but they respect and avoid the victim and life-styles practiced and reinforced by older men.

Given the conflicts and complexities of the "postponing generation," it is indeed amazing that anyone ever gets together!

Judy Kuhn
Missis, Fla.

Over-Seasoned

Thank you for reprinting my day after a fine piece of original fiction "America's Most Powerful Lunch" [October].

I'd just been sitting at my desk, idly wondering which of twenty or thirty exceptionally good restaurants I'd take my client to, I was pondering big or early venue, crisp fresh salads or just straight smoked, chrome or silver, high-rise or sidewalk, indoor or outdoor—so many choices, all excellent, all available—but just a moment after all.

And then I picked up your story on The Four Seasons Bar Room. In revisits I was helpless with laughter! All those pathetic characters just pouring to be greeted as isolated souls when they can stare out at the endless of smog through aluminum blinds and peep at a television of chicken salad for \$15.50. My favorite part was the "Lon Wyse" character's bit of dramatic posturing: "Even Jackie O can't hold it [her tail] over from me."

And such generous treatment! Only a skilled writer and a bold editor could take a subject as routine as a brunch lunch, blow it up into eight pages, and give it the life-and-death aura of open-heart surgery. I just hope Esquire isn't

sued for giving real folks' names to the characters in the story.

Cam Taylor
San Francisco, Calif.

God Inc.

Following Robert Prudman's account of the latest profits of profits, Zig Taylor ["Maquartz Inc.," September], we have formed a corporation called God Inc. As a corporate entity, we are empowered to collect royalties for the use of our name to endorse zip's enterprise. Money generated will be used entirely for reprinting expenses because in the beginning we were created as a purely nonprofit organization. First we will renovate our needle's eye, which presently will not permit passage of a needle. Any needle will go toward providing heavenly housing for the unaccompanied, disoriented from the earth by Zig-tar, whose rule is "Undo others before they have a chance to cover their ass."

Joan Baldwin
San Diego, Calif.

Double Whammy

Yours pages are brutal. I let my subscription lapse, and in the very next issue [September] you feature both Feathered and Angel Adams. I'm sure I wasn't pleased that way, but I did the job, I did out the national interest and sent it off to Beebe's right away.

I should have known, especially after a year that included F. Scott Fitzgerald and Jan Herman, that your Esquire subscription was precious. I'm especially pleased with your return to a monthly format.

Ralph E. Kops
New Orleans, La.

Corrections in "The Girl from Gold's Gym," by Eve Robin (October), the name of Lisa Lyon was misspelled.

Letters to the editor should be mailed with your address and phone number to: The Sound and the Fury, Esquire, 2 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10005. Letters may be edited for length and clarity.

The Leadership Quagmire

Americans want leadership, but not very much of it

The President ought to be a strong leader—or so the President as the only person who can speak with a clear voice to the American people and set a standard of ethics and morality, and inspire greatness. He can call on the American people to make a sacrifice and explain the purpose of the sacrifice, propose and carry out bold programs.

The time was July of 1976. The speaker, of course, was Jimmy Carter, although it could have been anybody and the time could be now. Leadership in the name of 1980 even if no one is quite sure what the word or the concept means. When I asked Howard Baker, the Republican leader of the U.S. Senate, to define leadership, he said: "Convincing the country that there is to be done."

Baker's definition seems sensible, and it is close to the one being used in interviews these days by Edward Kennedy, John Connally, and the other men who would like to replace Carter in the White House. It's a variation on one of Henry Thoreau's better lines: "You know what makes leadership? It is the ability to get men to do what they don't want to do and like it."

Only one major American politician doesn't use that definition: Jerry Brown. Brown believes that you can't make anyone do anything they don't want to do—no less in a democracy. "To be a leader you have to be at one with the people you lead," he told me the first time we met. "You have to lead it." He reached back to Lao-tzu.

Richard Reeves is the national editor of Esquire magazine.



the founder of Transco, offering a Clinton train that transmits, reaches, as "You can't go across the grain."

I think now—I didn't then—that Brown is right. Not that he, as governor of California, proved to be a great or even a good leader. His own faith and his careless cynicism eroded whatever benefits he might have gained from being that master of facts, an American politician who thinks. Another one of his theorems, the "law of the sea" politics, you paddle a little on the left, then a little on the right, to keep moving in a straight line—destroyed his credibility. Brown could not lead, finally, because no one was sure whether he meant what he said at any given moment.

But Brown's thought—you can't make the American people do any-

thing they don't want to do—is a useful starting point for a discussion of leadership as a political issue. In a way, it's a false issue. Most of us now know, or believe, that no one, certainly not one of the presidential candidates in the field, is at this point in time capable of uniting and mobilizing the American people around a single goal or set of goals. Someone could do it, perhaps, if the country were invaded by, say, Mexico—but then it would be the event, the invasion, that created the leader, not his own attributes or skills.

Why? Because the United States is more democratic and more open than it was in the good-old-days of leadership. It is a better, if more confusing, place to live in now but a harder place to govern, populated by a people almost impossible to lead. Take the question of nuclear power. This was written by

Tace's perceptive essayist, Lance Morrow.

A personal, subconscious effort to be first in everyone means ultimately that it is difficult to be first to anyone, or it may come that all of the controversies of the society seem to be perfectly on appeal. It becomes impossible to be popular, or to stop it. This scene seems to get up in court.

The explosive growth of the legal rights of individual Americans since World War II is probably the most dramatic example of the expense of American democracy. Try to build nuclear plants or highways or dams in a country where it's almost impossible for a boss to fire a hitherto-minded employee. And if that employee is old or black or female—forget it.

But Franklin Roosevelt, or Theodore Roosevelt, could—see page 12.

Even the most enlightened consumer can get eaten alive in the hi-fi jungle.



There are probably few places where the phrase "caveat emptor"—let the buyer beware—is more applicable than in high fidelity.

The average consumer walks into a hi-fi store only to be confronted by a morass of receivers, turntables and tape decks, running the gamut from the unaffordable to the unpronounceable. And to make matters worse, the salesman seems to speak some bizarre dialect about megahertz and transient response.

At Sony, we sympathize with the plight of the music lover caught in this rather distressing situation. And to this end we offer some reassurance:

Since 1949, Sony has been at the very forefront of high fidelity. (In fact, our name is derived from the Latin word "sonus" for sound.)

And while the technology has changed, one thing has stayed the same: the beginning we've never put our name on anything that wasn't the best.

The V4 receiver: You don't need an engineering degree to understand what makes it superior.

Put as clearly as possible, the V4 was designed for people who are as interested in getting good value as they are good sound.

In terms of power, for example, the V4 offers ample wattage to fill almost any size living room with clean, clear sound. (55 watts per channel at 8 ohms from 20 to 20,000 hertz, with less than 0.1% total harmonic distortion.)

It has absolutely no audible distortion.

It features the same kind of "direct coupled" circuitry used in the most expensive professional broadcast amplifiers to ensure rich bass.

It's completely encased in metal to reduce interference.

It's capable of running two sets of speakers without straining, and has something called a "phase-locked-loop IC stereo multiplex stage" that guarantees extraordinary FM reception.

All of which explains why if you pay a few dollars less for one of our competitor's receivers it's probably because you're getting less receiver.



The new Sony V4 receiver: much to be excited about.



The V4 Receiver: the latest from the company that founded the art of broadcast high fidelity.



The X30 turntable: Proof, once again, that Sony is the real pioneer in high fidelity.

Today, virtually all of the world's most expensive turntables feature "quartz lock." An electronic circuit that works like a quartz watch to ensure perfect turntable speed.

Now Sony has improved on this incredibly accurate system in the only way possible, by making it less expensive. But to buy the X30 on its price alone would be selling it short.

Like today's most expensive turntables, the X30 features a direct-drive motor that eliminates pulleys and unreliable belts. But unlike models built by Pioneer and Technics, our direct-drive motor is both brushless and skewless—which means it's more accurate.

Instead of using an inexpensive paraffin-board base like many of our competitors, the X30's base is made of a Sony patented "bulk molding compound" that reduces acoustic feedback.

And we've even made the X30's platter mat slightly concave—so if your records are a bit warped, they won't sound that way.

500,000 speakers: Sony makes one of the only full component products that work together better, cost less, and even the culture themselves.



The X30 turntable: accurate to one-tenth of a percent for perfect records.

The law of the jungle: Survival of the smartest.

Obviously, we don't have enough space here to tell you the whole Sony hi-fi story.

Like the way our new macro components use Sony developed "pulse power supplies" that reduce distortion almost to the point of being unmeasurable.

Or the way our new SSU-2070 speaker system guarantees you'll hear every part of the music with distortion reducing carbon fiber speaker cones. And a computer-designed speaker arrangement that makes sure you hear the music exactly as it was recorded.

The point of all this, however, is that for over three decades Sony has built superior audio equipment. Extraordinary products whose reputation for quality, value and reliability is unsurpassed.

So even if you don't know what from ohms, at least you'll be able to survive in the hi-fi jungle by knowing Sony.

For more information, or the name of your nearest Sony dealer, write us at Sony, P.O. Box CN-04050, Trenton, N.J. 08660.

SONY AUDIO

We've never put our name on anything that wasn't the best.

have built a critical nuclear power system. There was previous little exposure for individual disasters or small-dancing groups who wanted to stop the Tennessee Valley Authority or the Panama Canal. And when would the disaster get the attention to stop it? Leaders once had the power to control information sufficiently to get people to do what they didn't want to do. That control—at that level of leadership—no longer exists. It is no longer possible in America. Many people do think they know enough about nuclear energy to know that they don't want it.

The costs and information are demagogic, or at least demagoguing, classic American politics. We live in a society where congressmen, senators and better informed than they used to be, think they know more than the President. And the rest of us, smarter and better informed, too, think we know a lot more than congressmen. We have congressmen and Presidents who are afraid to make a move, and they can prove to themselves that they are right to be afraid by looking at some of the new frontiers—like pornography, saying that the public has already made up its unwashed mind. Why fight or try to lead there? Gallup and Burns and the rest have replicated, in the little minds of most politicians, what Jerry Brown and Luciano might have called "fear."

There is also the effect of a superfluity of demagoguing subalternation stress, evolved throughout the Western world, such as Gerald Ford's clothing his head over his nose and then Jimmy Carter's subliminal use of a public pool in his short running pants. By contrast to the good old days there was a parliament's agreement that the public would never see photographs or mention of the fact that Franklin Roosevelt was a simple, a man in a wheelchair. Now we see anything we want and know even more that Kennedy has the maturity of a teenager when it comes to women, that Brown lies on some seeds or something, that Barry Ford—blat, blat, blat. The emperor has to rule with no clothes.

The rest of us have to lower our expectations, beginning by asking a little less about leadership. The thing we have been talking about, something that involves president and mystery, unquestioned command and enthralled followers, really doesn't—probably can't—exist in the open democracy that has developed by common consent in the United States in the last twentieth century. A lady in Philadelphia, they say, asked Benjamin Franklin what had we here—a monarchy? a republic? a democracy? "A republic," if you can keep it," Franklin answered. That answer really isn't true any longer.

Leadership that involves grandeur and mystery probably can't exist in an open democracy.

Or. We are much closer to a real democracy, writhing within the framework and traditions of a republic. Americans are not willing to delegate that much to leaders anymore.

It is a little foolish and self-destructive to pretend, and expect, that the next President will be, in the old sense, The Leader. The politicians today who most seem to fill that role is Edward Kennedy. Wrapped in the robes of a recent American tradition—his family—he begins to give a conventional physical presence, from a ball of a speech, and, as they say, lights up a room when he walks into it. He is personally exciting, and the Kennedy name triggers a suspension of disbelief in new people. But they will go only so far if he tries to make Americans do what they don't want to do.

But beyond the few who will follow him (or, someday, her) blindly, a modern President can depend on very little in the long run—well, as Jimmy Carter discovered, the long run seems to be shorter than four years. We, the people, with the help of dueling commentators' techniques, selection among them, have disappointed the office to the point that anyone who wants to use it has to understand that the new leadership is scarce, and less, than standing up there and saying: "My fellow Americans, I'm going to tell you how it is and what we're going to do."

The next President is going to have to concentrate on a few basic leadership techniques—things like being pleasant and relatively credible—and the voters who select him are going to have to look for some of those same elements and factors that give one man a chance to be a more effective leader than the next. Clarence Thomas. Conscience. Credibility. Presence. A certain personal reserve. A touch of Machiavelli skills, and more than a touch of common sense.

Jimmy Carter, sadly, failed as a leader because he had almost none of that basic equipment. He did not have charisma, which I'm defining here as nothing more than the almost chemical ability to get people's attention, to communicate compellingly in a society reflected with messages. Worse, Carter thought he did have it and got so carried away trying to use it with false-chairs, false ratings, and the rest

that when he really had something to say, no one noticed. He was, in television talk, "overexposed."

Unfortunately, it also turned out that most of the time he had very little to say. He could not offer a vision—over the heads of his critics—nor that might be acceptable to a great majority these days—of what he wanted America to become and why Americans should wait a day. He was inconsistent, regularly attacking his own credibility at home and abroad, sending the Navy steering toward Iran during the revolution there and then, without public explanation, calling the ships back.

Always, a scared, Carter was impatient and lacked understanding of the processes of governing that Machiavelli wrote about and that Franklin Roosevelt practiced. The critical feeling of Carter as President was that he would collect all the available information and operate on a public problem, then say, "Ah, this is how it should be worked out, this is where it will end up after all the maneuvering and rhetoric." Then he would take, and announce, that word, never anticipating that even if he had found the solution it could not be accepted by the nation until after all the speeches and moves had been made.

Under our system, the process called "consensus building" is the solution. Sometimes a leader leads by withholding his support and the information he has, choosing to wait until he can maximize his influence to guide the process toward the end point he has already chosen.

Finally, Carter had no personal reserve. That I would call a breakdown of common sense. People may like but not admire someone who habitually breaks down in public—in his office—on a train and in a restaurant. But Presidents should not be "open," either, they should be approachable, offering the mere appearance of openness.

Carter, and Gerald Ford before him, may be the models of future Presidents—or a reflection of what an open democracy can do to its leaders. I hope not. I hope that cleverer leaders will learn to cope better with the new pressures and that the rest of us, as Howard Baker pleaded in our conversation on leadership, "give them a little more room."

Nevertheless, we can live with all that, with the Ford and the Carters. This is a crisis of change, not collapse. You can go too far with talk of a lack of leadership, of national decline. The alternative is often worse: people cheating. "We want one leader! Nothing for us! Everything for Germany!"

That was what the crowds chanted in Nuremberg in 1936.

Photo: Michael Ochs

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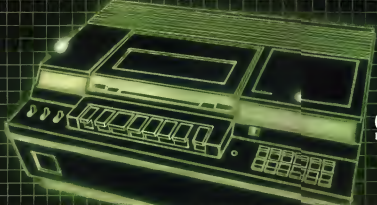
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Ethics

by Harry Stein

Racial Slurs, Ethnic Jokes

To smile or not to smile when you say that, pardner

The New York journalist was considerably provoked early this past summer when, abruptly, in the midst of a protracted feud with scuffles on The Village Voice began denouncing another up in print. This diverting spectacle, which ultimately led to public accusations of censorship, homophobia, and general misanthropy of character, was touched off by a Julie Fierler cartoon in the June 25 issue of the paper.

Like so much of the estimable Fierler's work, the offending cartoon depicted a character—in this case a full-bodied black-colored type—caught up in an intricate word-bugle. "Can't say 'big' anymore," he complains in the first dialogue. "Can't say 'big' anymore," he adds in the second. By the end of the strip, he is utterly fed up. "I can only take so much tolerance!" A pause. "I'm going back to trigger."

"Whatever its intentions," said an open letter signed by fourteen Voice staffers and contributors in the very same issue, "the cartoon plays safe, and out of a reactionary sensibility. We find it not only offensive but far from funny and not in the least illuminating."

And we were off to a battle that would rage with increasing fury for another month, until all the combatants apparently fell for victory.

As one watched from the sidelines, it was difficult not to be struck by the extraordinary self-righteousness of so many of the participants. Any casual follower of the quirky goings-on would have had every right to conclude that the Voice harbors more subordinated puffs than the National Woman's



Christian Temperance Union. Self-righteousness has its place, of course—Woodrow Wilson did remain ship well with it, and the ayatollahs too. I am, however, not all in it, it is an obscenity trait. Though the temptation to assume a morally superior posture is sometimes overwhelming and though it might sometimes even be the result of a perfectly valid line of reasoning, it is an impulse that is best resisted. In the end, the kneeless dog is usually more irritating than whatever it is he's railing against.

In this particular case, the moralizing also served to divert attention from the merits of what Fierler had been saying, which is a pity. The issue of racism resurged in a very real one first, in fact, a strong case can be made that the cartoon was inaccurate in two essential ways. First, it suggested that bigotry is fundamentally the province of black-colored types, and second, and more to the point, by indicating that some of us are shy about expressing ourselves on the subject. In any event, this has not been true for some time now.

To be sure, in what passes as enlight-

ened circles, it is all done quite delicately. No one goes around at cocktail parties referring to blacks as "niggers," and virtually no one bears them exactly that kind of contempt. But there are the quiet snickers, and the jokes, that subtly divide the world into "them" and "us."

Just the other day, a non-TEU and Jeffrey Steinman, someone I have known since elementary school, a victim of half a dozen civil rights marches, groined at me over dinner. "I got a question for you. A heavy black guy and a light black guy jumped from the top of the Empire State Building at the exact same instant. Who hit the pavement first?"

"Who?"
"Who cares?"
Now, this fellow will swear on his grandfather's head that he is not racist, and even so, he would not march in civil rights marches. If there were any left. He still gets misty-eyed when he hears "We Shall Overcome." So do I. And I laughed at his joke.

"I'm afraid," I told Jeffrey some months later, "that Mrs. Levine would be amused at us."
Mrs. Levine was our fourth-grade teacher at Roosevelt Elementary School in New Rochelle, New York. Though Roosevelt was in those pre-busing days, a virtually all-white school—the only black faces on the grounds belonging to the children of the Ghanaian ambassador to the U.N.—Mrs. Levine was passionate on the subject of race relations. Where other fourth-grade classes would take a break for show and tell, we would listen to Sidney Davis Jr. sing, "You've got to be taught to hate and fear," on the Victrola where other classes would hear the poems of Joyce Kilmer or Sara Teasdale, we would get Langston Hughes or Countee Cul-

Don Rickles issues a disclaimer at the end of his show, but it follows a barrage of ethnic put-downs that leave one reeling.

His favorite was a Cohen poem entitled "Incident."

Once riding in old Baltimore,
Heart filled with glad-tyed with glad-tye
I saw a Baltimorean
Keep looking straight at me
Now I was calm and very still
And he was as white as paper
And I would have been told that
His tongue and called me "Nigger"
I saw the white of Baltimore
From Miss and Dumbster
Of all the things that happened there
That's all that I remember

Up until the afternoon that Mrs. Levin read it to us, I am not sure I had ever heard the term "nigger," but I instantly understood that there was something abhorrent about it, that it was viler than any name word, more debasing than any insult.

And for years throughout the Fifties and into the Sixties, no one I knew would ever have used the word or said anything else that might be interpreted as racist. Oh, sure, most of us had relatively few black friends, might even have felt all at ease in predominantly black gatherings, but the impulse was always toward bridging the gap, not fishing around in it for any laughs.

Suddenly I was conscious of how very much we had lost. "What is it," I asked Jeff, "that made us change?"

He shrugged. "Oh, just history." And he talked about the shift in the attitude of white liberals as general as the civil rights movement gave way to black power, about the bitter teachers' strike in New York City that pitted blacks against white teachers, about the deaths of the Kennedys and Martin Luther King Jr. about the deteriorating economy and the frightening news on crime.

All of which is certainly true enough, but I think it's more than that. Those last ten years or so have also given rise to the bizarre notion that the ability to express one's honest biases and fears—the ones once regarded as unacceptable—equals not only freedom but style. Sometimes, when they're just crud or nothing instead of witty, they are ugly. But there are real differences between different kinds of people in this country, and there's no reason we shouldn't be able to laugh at them. Christ, I've noticed just how these jerks at the *Vogue*...

I turned away from him and sipped my tea.

Not of course, in this current brand of candor any longer restricted to one's own circle of friends. Don Rickles may have a proven disclaimer at the end of every show—"You know I only love you, we're all God's children, I love you all"—but it follows a torrential barrage of ethnic put-downs that leaves one a seething reeling.

"Oh, come on," recoiled Jeffrey. "You're making much too big a deal over this. These are jokes we're talking about. They don't mean anything."

"Would you tell your Elsie-Ele State joke to a black person?"

He smiled. "Of course not. The remark might cut me up." He paused. "Okay, okay. The problem is, it's hard to see what's wrong with a joke when a slightly comic is making a million bucks a year doing the same thing."

What's wrong with it, besides the fact that it reflects our own attitudes of character, is that despite, over a period of years, the jokes take on a credibility of their own. As far as millions of people in this country are concerned, Poles are dumber than the rest of us, Jews are pushier, and blacks are more menacing. It is much easier not to deal with someone as an individual once he has been reduced to a cliché.

It is one of the melancholy facts of life that virtually all of us harbor some degree of prejudice. But if we accept the premise that this does not reflect the best in ourselves, then we should not give in to it so readily, should certainly not glory in it, should, perhaps, even try to change it.

All of this, I said to Jeffrey Stillman, and all of it he took in with equanimity. "And so," I concluded, "I don't want to hear any more ethnic jokes. And I certainly don't intend to tell any."

With this last, he shook his head. "You know something?—you're full of crap."

"Garden me?"

"Look, I can buy it up to a point. It's one, we can go on to go too far with ethnic jokes. Sometimes, when they're just crud or nothing instead of witty, they are ugly. But there are real differences between different kinds of people in this country, and there's no reason we shouldn't be able to laugh at them. Christ, I've noticed just how these jerks at the *Vogue*..."

I turned away from him and sipped my tea.

Unconventional Wisdom

by Adam Smith

An Uncertain Economy

As the old faith in Keynes fades, new prophets are heard in the land

Mallory—a vulgar name of general or general occasions. One observer projects the current rate of inflation over the next thirty-two years. Electricity will be \$15.00 a year, college tuition will be \$150,000. This may be gaudy, but gold, which slumbered for years at \$15 an ounce, has rocketed to more than \$500. Was it led up by four Arabs in a coffeehouse, three Swiss bankers? Or does everybody know something we don't know? There is a worldwide war to get out of paper currencies and into anything at all—gold, silver, antiquities, gold, silver, antiquities, gold, silver, antiquities, gold, silver, antiquities. The climate of malaise makes even the professional doomsmen—the Noah's ark—seem plausible.

The United States is about to enter its greatest test period since the Civil War," writes Howard J. Raff, "an extraordinary spiral leading to a depression that will be remembered with a shudder for generations..." Raff is an ex-actor and newspaper-writing franchise who has written a best seller called *How to Prosper During the Coming Bad Years*. Had years come? "The course that they [American] men [power] have plotted can only end in financial chaos..." says Raff. Buy gold and silver, sell your car, your apartment, or your expensive suburban house and move to a small, stable town, store dehydrated food in the basement along with a portable power generator.

Ten years ago I read a book that dismissed the self-appointed professional doomsmen. "Where are their credentials? But we do keep mortgaging ourselves for our unreported energy, and OPEC controls the oil price, and gold and silver keep going up. It is crazy to

Adam Smith is the author of *The Money Game and Powers of Mind*.



be invited into Noah's ark. But is it really going to rain that hard?"

There is a malaise, no question. I am sitting with Paul Samardine in his MIT office, on Memorial Drive, overlooking the Charles River. Samardine wrote the economics textbook that everyone has studied for thirty-one years, it is the basic exposition of liberal Keynesian tenets.

Samardine writes a column for *Newsweek* that a lot of people read, and he was the first American Nobel prizewinner in economics—for papers so conservative that almost nobody reads them. He is warning a black-chalked spirit out and sealers. He plays tennis every day. Whenever we have these chats, I come away with more to read. Why a malaise mood?

"I think people are even more pessimistic than a national evaluation would call for. We have one problem, or a whole group of problems under one name—stagflation: low growth and high inflation. But there's a lot of nonsense about inflation robbing everybody. Who does it rob? The elderly? Social Security is indexed to wages,

so it robs us automatically. Unemployment benefits are indexed, so they move up with prices. So do a lot of union contracts. I think one thing that happens is that when wages go up, people think it's merited, and when prices go up, they feel robbed. Real wages—that wages will buy—have declined a bit, but not in the past few years."

Then why the sinking feeling?

"Some of the factors in inflation aren't so visible—as extra energy costs, pollution control, the cost of safety. A lot of the proper class feel poorer because their securities have gone down, both stocks and bonds. Only

houses have kept up with inflation."

There's something else at work here, and that's that "more" isn't enough. People are better housed, fed, and educated than fifty years ago, but it's not producing satisfaction. There's a spiritual demand missing, what, perhaps, you, Staircase owner—more and more affluence."

That's a comment on the times. What about the economy system? "We have no breakthrough on stagnation. But is there another system that works better? More government? Wage and price controls? They work well in the short run, but the prices go up when the controls come off. There are two thousand radical economists in this country, and they haven't produced any real ideas. The other direction? Go back to the nineteenth century? It's hard to dismantle a mass economy. They're paying attention to the old Austrian school, economists such as Friedrich August Hayek, who believed the free market would do the job. But in the Depression, Hayek said there was nothing to be done, we were just paying for our sins, and nobody wants to go back to that. The fact is

"You're On the Way, I Said. By Charles Cohen. Copyright 1982 by Harper & Row. Reprinted 1983 by Adam Smith.

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Books

Making a Killing

Norman Mailer and Gary Gilmore

by Walter Karp

Three months after being paroled, Gary Gilmore, who had spent about eighteen of his thirty-five years behind bars, committed murder in Utah, not far from where he was living. Tried, convicted, and sentenced to death, Gilmore defied the world by waiving his right of appeal and insuring that the state of Utah carry out its own sentence. After eight, off several steps of execution, Gilmore got what he wanted on January 17, 1977, when a firing squad pumped four bullets through his heart. On that bare framework, proclaiming but not spectacular, Norman Mailer has woven a 1,072-page chronicle called *The Executioner's Song* (Little, Brown, \$16.95), a giant even by "non-crime" standards, a genre not noted for being any.

The prospect is absolutely staggering. For years Mailer has been carrying on a passionate romance with crime and violence. For years he has been telling us how much he admires the necklines abandoned and how much he despises the rest of us. Had Mailer discovered in Gary Gilmore the ultimate weapon to bash in our brains with? Were we to learn in 400,000 experienced words why Gilmore, the western killer, is morally superior to the vast horde of "crops"—a favorite Mailer word—who inhabit what he calls "Cancer Gulch"? The answer, surprisingly, is no. *The Executioner's Song* is an extraordinary book precisely because it contains no answer, no Cancer Gulch, no romantic context for the common life, and most important, no Norman Mailer. At long last, Mailer has used his immense narrative powers, a true gift of the gods, the way they are meant to be used: to tell a story that is not about himself.

Mailer's method of tracing himself is worth describing. In *The Executioner's Song*, nobody comments on the ac-



tion or the action except the participants themselves. (The source of all this is an enormous mass of taped interviews with the scores of people whose life intersected Gilmore's in one way or another.) We learn only what they saw, felt, thought, or did. Even when Mailer paraphrases their comments, he casts them into the colloquial language of the people themselves. There appears to be no narrator as chief, not even a neutral narrator who commands good English. In the scene opening scene, Gilmore, released that day from prison, meets his cousin Brenda at the Salt Lake City airport. Although she helped her cousin Gary win his parole, she has no son but is close to thirty years. "Now she refused his clothes. He had a black trench coat slung on his arm and was wearing a maroon flannel over—could you believe it?—a yellow and green striped shirt." The prison has also given him plastic shoes, "and she thought, Wow, that's really cheap. They didn't even give him a pair of leather shoes to go home in."

The technique is effective. It allows Mailer to crowd the stage of Gilmore's cruel and wasted life with an enormous number of local witnesses, friends, enemies, neighbors, and passers-

by—a whole town's population brought to life. Moreover, it gives each of them his chance to speak, to remember, and to judge and thereby reveal who he is. Before Gilmore has gone straight for a week, it becomes clear that something is amiss with Provo, Utah's most suitable parole. The puzzle here is a pretty tricky. He takes into edge witness. Around Gilmore, even the town's tough guys choose their words carefully, but at Gilmore's uncle Vern, a plumed shoe-maker with arms like hams.

Gary started looking on the line in the sitting room. Vern didn't have to be told Gary had been through a fire already.

"Gary," Vern said, "are you going to shape up, or are I going to have to break you on your ass?"

"What are you going to do?" asked Gary. "I'm going to have to do it."

"And I you afraid of me?" Gary asked. "No," said Vern. "Why should I be?" In his gut, Vern said, "I can whip you."

Honest, upright, and disapproving, Uncle Vern stands revealed in the scene. He is a conventional man and a brave one.

The chief actor, of course, is Gilmore himself. Despite his professed desire "to live like other people live," it is no surprise to anyone in town who has met him that he is constantly committing murder. He, too, has revealed who he is: a highly intelligent man who cannot live without tension of the stupor and then before the murder, with his glands at hand, he has taken to petty thievery, often to no purpose. The thought of prison fits him with rage, but he will do nothing to stay out of it until he puts himself on death row by stroking into a gas station, ordering the attendant to be down on the balcony floor, and firing two bullets through his head, not far from Uncle Vern's house. His girl friend has joined him, so he kills an innocent man.

Awaiting trial, Gilmore tries to escape himself to the girl, a western local beauty, aged nineteen, three mar-

real, mother of two. Always, he writes, he had wanted "to know that I was just as right and clever as I guess I am from it and when I did try to approach it, I went about it wrong, because discouraged, bored, lazy, and finally unacceptable." "Unacceptable" is a weird way to describe murder, but Gilmore lives up to his beyond society's norms that he can describe its most heinous crime in the mutual language anthropologists use to describe alien cultures. The only society that ever so-called Gilmore a prince. When his lawyer lost the case, why if he is so intelligent he always gets caught, Gilmore replies, "I'm inquisitive. Don't plan, don't think. You don't have to be a super-intelligent to get away with shit, you just have to think. But I don't. I don't, uh, really understand it. May-

be I just quit citing a long time ago." Gilmore's manner, a semi-washed, says he had believed his son was doomed since he was three. She just may be right.

On death row, Gilmore becomes a first-page sensation. The stage of his ghastly life begins to swirl with new characters—Vietnam officials, prison bureaucrats, clanking journalists. Not even Maier's staff can work them effectively into Gilmore's fading life. The second half of *The Executioner's Song*—over 500 pages' worth—sounds at times like the longest eulogy ever written. Interest is intermittent, yet here, too, everybody, including David Swanson, gets a chance to speak in his own voice. As a result, "the media," that dreary abstraction, dissolves into its component parts: a lot of people

working like fiends to lay hands on Gilmore's story. As I plowed through the second half of the book, it suddenly dawned on me that every single character in *The Executioner's Song*, from the death prison warden to the empowered ACLU official, has revealed the spark of something admirable about himself—their reality if nothing else. In the end, that is what makes the book so extraordinary. What Maier has demonstrated—obviously, I suspect—is the moral power of an art aside centered in the higher traditional virtues: the traditional art of narrative and its unique capacity to give each person his due. Within the constricting confines of a true crime story, Maier has written a sort of left-handed tribute to human dignity in America.

Thomas Thompson and Charles Sobraj

by Jon Bradshaw

Serpentine (Doubleday, \$12.95), by Thomas Thompson, "is a piece, a true story," is the account of one Charles Sobraj, con man and murderer, and some view of his victims. This is a true story only in part, since in his author's note, Mr. Thompson explains that "due to the nature of crime," he was forced to change several names and to alter other identities. I don't know to what extent Charles Sobraj's identity was altered, but he is in this book's chief concern.

Charles Sobraj was the illegitimate son of a Vietnamese mother and an Indian father. Born in Saigon, he spent his formative years in Vietnam, Singapore, and France. For a series of petty robberies, he spent three years in a French prison, where he learned how better to con his fellowman. He had already learned karate and kempo in a previous six-month prison stay.

Sobraj was a perfectly ordinary thief with considerable charm (particularly with women) and a desire to possess little more than fine clothes and smart cars. It was not until 1975 that Sobraj and his confederates embarked on what the Asian newspapers would still misleadfully call the "China link."

Between late 1975 and mid-1976, Sobraj and his accomplices murdered at least nine tourists in India, Nepal, and Thailand. His methods were almost always the same: He dragged his victims, often blindfolded, violated, or strangled them, and then, at the orders by setting them on fire. His victims (four women and five men, all of whom were under thirty) were killed for their money (usually less than a few hundred dollars apiece), their jewelry, and their passports.

Jon Bradshaw is a contributing editor of *Esquire*.



By mid-1978, Sobraj had the police of three continents after him. He had been captured many times before in his career and three times had effected a cunning escape. It took the police some time to apprehend Sobraj, the reason being—as N. Teli, India's premier cop, explained—that Sobraj was

"bold and clever and dynamic—and always believable. He never panicked under his own skin. He always had a false passport. He would take the water bottle from my room. I have never recovered. He is an amazing animal."

Mr. Thompson is the author of the best-selling *Blood and Money*, and *Serpentine*, too, has when published like to call "The truth on how evil politicians plot." Mr. Thompson's talents are not unconsiderable. He is a masterful researcher and seems to have tracked down everyone connected with Charles Sobraj. His story is a strong one, with its many dramatic elements as one could desire.

Unfortunately, Mr. Thompson has no art, no elegance. He seems to have

included every fact he found, however petty or irrelevant, so that one's final impression is of a literary logjam. The book jumps back and forth between the points of view of Sobraj's friends, his family, his victims, his victims' families, and the police in a crude and clumsy manner. One never acquires any real understanding of Sobraj, and it is the absence of motivations that ultimately renders the case of *Serpentine* empty and purposeless. Sobraj drifts along the surf of Mr. Thompson's pages like an apparition.

Adjectives and "assisted" are two of Mr. Thompson's favorite words. And that which is ominous is usually said in his or his characters' eyes. But Mr. Thompson's chief hobbyhorse is "late." In *Serpentine*, late is always "stopping in" or "overshooting." All of Mr. Thompson's characters "meet their destiny" with ponderous predictability.

Serpentine is cluttered with clichés. A character's chances are described as "between stars and meager," the attempt to disguise one of Sobraj's accomplices is described as "the making of a silk purse from a sow's ear." That same accomplice, when in difficulty, is said to be "between a rock and a hard place." In Mr. Thompson's world, people don't talk, they "counter-speak." His characters don't get into trouble, they become "ensnared in difficulties of a red-tape nature"; they don't fall asleep, they fall into "the embrace of Morpheus."

But I don't believe any of this will disturb Mr. Thompson's fan (it may even encourage them). It's a pity, though, because *Serpentine*, potentially, is a wonderful tale. Mr. Thompson deserved a better editor. His readers deserved a better book. **B-**



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Perrier. Serve it in a variety of ways. As the naturally sparkling refresher. As the natural alternative to alcoholic beverages. Or as the lively way to lighten.

fine wines and spirits. Pure Perrier. On any holiday occasion. Naturally sparkling refreshment from the center of the earth. Enjoy it in good health.



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This season, give the Scotch that's always in good taste. Passport. Made of Scotland's finest whiskies and honored in 126 countries around the world. It's always more rewarding to give a first-class gift.

Passport Scotch.

ESQUIRE

Don't fool with Father Christmas!

© W. C. Fields detested Christmas. He cursed the day each year, campaigned against it in whistle-stops and bars all his life, and refused to acknowledge the difference between December 25 and any other day. Fields died on Christmas Day, 1946.

© Richard Nixon chose every day from December 18 through Christmas Eve, 1972, for his massive bombing of the cities of North Vietnam. Twenty months later, he was out of office.

© On December 21, 1952, George S. Kaufman—a great ornament of American wit—took his regular place on a TV panel and said before millions of his countrymen watching their black-and-white screens: "Let's make this one program where no one sings 'Silent Night.'" He was fired from the show the next day.

§ In *A Christmas Carol*, Scrooge, you will recall, had a very unpleasant night after he said, "Bah! Humbug."

The point is, Christmas is bigger than any of us, and to resist its special charm and spirit is to show oneself a foolish man. The wise course is to give in to the occasion and embrace it warmly. At least that's what we have done throughout this holiday issue. You'll find surprises and delights on every page, and the celebration begins with a new short story by Truman Capote.

Let this be one Christmas when everyone sings "Silent Night."



DAMN

She fascinated me.

She fascinated everyone, but most people were subdued of their fascination, especially the proper ladies who presided over some of the grander suppers of New Orleans's Garden District, the neighborhood where the big plantation owners lived, the shop-owners and oil operators, the richest professional men. The only persons not secretive about their fascination with Mrs. Ferguson were the servants of these Garden District families. And, of course, some of the children, who were too young or glib to learn to conceal their interest.

I was one of these children, an eight-year-old boy temporarily living with Garden District relatives. However, as it happened, I did keep my fascination to myself, for I felt a certain guilt. I had a secret, something that was bothering me, something that was really worrying me very much, something I was afraid to tell anybody, anybody—I couldn't imagine what their reaction would be, it was such an odd thing that was worrying me, that had been worrying me for almost two years. I had never heard of anyone with a problem like the one that was troubling me. On the one hand it seemed maybe silly, on the other—

I wanted to tell my secret to Mrs. Ferguson. Not want to, but felt I had

to. Because Mrs. Ferguson was said to have magical powers. It was said, and believed by many serious-minded people, that she could tame errant husbands, force proposals from reluctant suitors, restore lost hair, recover squandered fortunes. In short, she was a witch who could make wishes come true. I had a wish.

Mrs. Ferguson did not seem clever enough to be capable of magic. Not even odd tricks like was a plain woman who might have been forty but was perhaps thirty, it was hard to tell, for her round Irish face, with its rosy full moon eyes, had few lines and little expression. She was a landlady, probably the only white landlady in New Orleans, and an artist at her trade. The great ladies of the town sent for her when their finest linen and lace and silk required attention. They sent for her for other reasons as well, to obtain dresses—a new lover, a certain warpage for a daughter, the death of a husband's mistress, a coded invitation to another's will, an invitation to be Queen of Comas, grandest of the Mardi Gras gales. It was not merely as a landlady that Mrs. Ferguson was sought. The source of her success, and principal income, was her alleged ability to tell the winds of daydreams and she produced the solid stuff, golden realities.

Now about this wish of my own, the worry that was with me from first thing in the morning until last thing at night. It wasn't anything I could just straight out ask her. It required the right time, a carefully prepared moment. She seldom came to our house, but when she did I stayed close by, pretending to watch the delicate movements of her thick ugly fingers as they

handled lace-trimmed napkins, but really attempting to catch her eye. We never talked, I was too nervous and she was too stupid. Yes, stupid. It was just something I sensed, powerful with or not, Mrs. Ferguson was a stupid woman. But now and again her eyes did lock, and dumb as she was, the intensity, the fascination, the awe in my gaze told her that I desired to be a class. She probably thought I wanted a bride, or a new air rifle, anyway, she wasn't about to concern herself with a kid like me. What could I give her? So she would down-turn her may lips and roll her full moon eyes elsewhere.

About this time, early December in 1932, my paternal grandfather announced for a brief visit. New Orleans has cold winters, the cold blooded winds from the river drift deep into your bones, so my grandfather, who was living in Florida where the taught school, had wisely brought with him a fur coat, one she had borrowed from a friend. It was made of black Persian lamb, the belonging of a rich woman, which my grandfather was not—widowed young, and left with three sons no more, she had not had an easy life.

SOME OF HIS SPELLING AND THE DIRECTION OF MY OF HIS SUFFRAGE FROM THE FIVE SEVEN TO NINE AND FIVE EYES GLORIOUS.

But she never complained, she was an admirable woman, she had a lovely mind, and a sound, sane one as well. Due to family circumstances, we rarely met, but she wrote often and sent me small gifts. She loved me. I wanted to love her, but when she died, and she lived beyond ninety, I kept my dis-



Illustration by Linda Catagay

Five chapters of Truman Capote's work in progress, *Answered Prayers*, have appeared in *Esquire*. "Doodle" is from *Strange Days*, a collection of new writing to be published next fall by Random House. The author calls "Doodle" a "lengthy short story." (For what that means, see page 6.)

A NEW STORY BY TRUMAN CAPOTE

trace, behaved indifferently, and she felt it but she never knew what caused my apparent coldness, nor did anyone else, for the reason was part of an intricate game, fueled as the dazzling yellow snow laughing from a slender gold chain necklace that she often wore. Pearl would have hated her better, but she attached great value to this somewhat theatrical presence, which I understood her own grandfather had worn in a cold past in Colorado.

Of course the necklace wasn't valuable, as my grandmother always sensibly explained to anyone who inquired, the stone, which was the size of a cat's paw, was not a "gem" stone, but a canny diamond, not even a topaz, but a chunk of rock crystal dully faceted and tinted dark yellow. Mrs. Ferguson, however, was unaware of the mistak's true worth, and when one afternoon, during the course of my grandmother's stay, the plump youngish child arrived to office some boxes, she seemed surprised by the brilliant but of glass winking from the thin chain around my grandmother's neck. Her uncertain moon eyes glowed, and that's a fact. They truly glowed. I knew how no difficulty attracting her attention, she studied me with an intent about her face.

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But she said truth, and hurried out of the garden. I watched her waddle off into the dusk. I dried my mouth to think of having all my hopes pinned on this fragile creature. I couldn't suggest that night, I didn't sleep until dawn. Aside from my problem, the thing that was worrying me, now I had a whole lot of new worries. If Mrs. Ferguson did what I wanted her to do, then what about my clothes, what about my name, where would I go, who would I be? My uncle, it was enough to drive you crazy! Or was I already crazy? That was part of the problem. I must be crazy to want Mrs. Ferguson to do that thing I wanted her to do. That was one reason why I couldn't tell anything. They would think I was crazy. Or something worse, I didn't know what that something worse could be, but instinctively I felt that single word. I was crazy, my family and their friends and the other kids, might be the last of it.

Because of fear and superstition combined with greed, the servants of the Garden District, some of the noisiest memories and a purgatorial house, that they ever tried a purgatorial house, I noticed that someone was following us a well-built boy with tobacco-colored skin and green eyes. I knew at once that it was the infamous Skelter, the boy whose birth had caused his mother to be flogged, and I knew that he was bringing me a message. I felt nauseous, but also elated, almost happy, enough to make me laugh.

"Merrily, my grandmother asked: 'Ah, you know a girl?'

"I thought, No, but I know a secret. However, I only told her 'It was just something the monster said.'

"Really? If I told you found some better. It struck me as a very dry sermon. But she said that was good."

I refrained from making the following comment: "Well, if they're just going to talk about sinners and hell, when they don't know what hell is, they ought to ask me to preach the sermon. I could tell them a thing or two."

"Are you happy now?" my grandmother asked, as if it were a question she had been considering ever since her arrival. "I know it's been difficult. The divorce. Living here. Living here I want to help. I don't know how."

"I'm fine. Everything's hunky-dory."

But I wished she'd stop. Up she did—with a frown. So at least I'd got one wish. One down and one to go.

When we finished dinner, my grandmother and I went to the stables, a magnificent and might try to weed it off with a pill and a nap, kissed me and went inside the house. I raced through the garden toward the old western arch, and had myself made for a like a bandit in a bandit's cave waiting for a

they respected her, even Mine Joast, the head woman of the Vancora family, who owned the Standard Fruit company, always addressed her most civilly.



two days after my conversation with Mrs. Ferguson, a Sunday, I accompanied my grandmother to church, and as we were walking home, a number of a few blocks, I noticed that someone was following us a well-built boy with tobacco-colored skin and green eyes. I knew at once that it was the infamous Skelter, the boy whose birth had caused his mother to be flogged, and I knew that he was bringing me a message. I felt nauseous, but also elated, almost happy, enough to make me laugh.

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confidence.

Soon Mrs. Ferguson's son arrived. He was very tall for his age, just shy of six feet, and muscular as a deer. He remembered his mother in no respect. It wasn't only his dark coloring, his features were nicely defined, the bone structure quite precise. His father must have been a handsome man.

And unlike Mrs. Ferguson, his eyes were not dark, but a deep, warm, brown. His eyes were not dark, but a deep, warm, brown. His eyes were not dark, but a deep, warm, brown.

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a champagne bumper."

The last remark, meaningless to me, ended with an unhappy chuckle; but I followed his instructions, and, as I started toward the front door, I glanced back at him. It didn't seem possible, but he was already gone. And I never saw him again, or if I did, I don't remember it.



THE DOOR OPENED

Directly into Mrs. Ferguson's parlor. At any rate it was furnished as a parlor (a couch, easy chair, two wicker rocking chairs, maple-wood side tables), though the floor was covered with a brown knickerbocker that, perhaps, was meant to match the color of the house. When I came into the room, Mrs. Ferguson was sitting and frowning at one of the rocking chairs, while a good-looking young man, a Crook not many years older than Sherman, reclined away in the other. A bottle of rum stood on a table between them, and they were both drinking from glasses filled with the stuff. The young man, who was not introduced to me, was wearing only an undervest and somewhat unbuttoned belt-bottom under's trousers. Without a word, he stopped rocking, stood up, and swaggered down a hall, taking the rum bottle with him. Mrs. Ferguson listened until she heard a door close. And then she said to me: "Where is it?"

I was sweating. My heart was acting funny. I felt as though I had run a hundred miles and loved a thousand years in just the last few hours.

Mrs. Ferguson tilted her chair, and repeated blandly: "Where is it?"

"Here. In my pocket."

She held out a thick red hand, palm up, and I dropped the necktie into it. Rum had already done something to alter the usual dullness of her eyes, the dawning yellow tint of more than she turned it this way and that, staring at it. I tried not to, I tried to think of other things, and found myself wondering if she had seen on her back, his

marks.

"Am I expected to guess?" she asked, never removing her gaze from the boy slouching from his fragile gold chain. "Well, Am I supposed to tell you why you are here? What is it you want?"

She didn't know, she couldn't, and suddenly I didn't want her to say "I like to tap-dance."

For an instant her attention was diverted from the sparkling new boy. "I want to be a tap dancer. I want to run away. I want to go to Hollywood and be in the movies." There was some truth in this, running away to Hollywood was high on my list of escape fantasies. But that wasn't what I'd decided not to tell her after all.

"Well," she drawled. "You sure are pretty enough to be in picture shows. Better than any boy ought to be."

So she did know. I heard myself shouting: "Yes! Yes! That's it!"

"That's what! And stop hollering. I'm not deaf!"

"I don't want to be a boy. I want to be a girl."

It began as a peculiar note, a strange, gutting laugh back at her; then that bubbled into laughter. Her lips stretched and widened, drunken laughter spilled out of her mouth like vomit, and it seemed to be spouting all over me, this laughter that sounded like vomit again.

"Please, please. Mrs. Ferguson, you don't understand. I'm very worried. I'm worried all the time. There's something wrong. Please. You've got to understand."

She went on rocking with laughter and her rocking chair rocked with her.

Then I said: "You are stupid. Dumb and stupid." And I tried to get the necktie away from her, grab it.

The laughter stopped as though she had been struck by lightning; a storm overtook her face, total fury. And yet when she spoke her voice was soft and husky and serpentine. "You don't know what you want, boy. I'll show you what you want. Look at me, boy. Look here. I'll show you what you want."

"Please. I don't want anything."

"Open your eyes, boy."

Somewhere in the house a baby was crying.

"Look at me, boy. Look here."

What she wanted me to look at was the yellow stain. She was holding it above her head, and slightly swinging it. It seemed to have gathered up all the light in the room, accumulated all desecrating brilliance that played everything else into blackness. Swung, spun, circled, dangled.

"I hear a baby crying."

"That's you, you hear?"

"Strapped woman. Strapped. Strapped."

"Look here, boy."

Spindly legs protruded from under the table.

It was still daylight, and it was still Sunday, and here I was back in the Garden District, standing in front of my house. I don't know how I got there. Someone must have brought me, but I don't know who, my last memory was the noise of Mrs. Ferguson's laughter returning.

Of course a huge commotion was made over the missing necktie. The police were not called, but the whole household was upside-down for days, not an inch was left unsearched. My grandmother was very upset. But even if the necktie had been of high value, a jewel that could have been sold and assured her of comfort the rest of her life, I still would not have accused Mrs. Ferguson. For if I did, Mrs. Ferguson might reveal what I'd told her, the thing I never told anyone again, not even Francis. It was decided that a thief had stolen into the house and taken the necktie while my grandmother slept. Well, that was the truth. Everyone was relieved when my grandmother concluded her visit and returned to Florida. It was hoped that the whole and after of the missing jewel would soon be forgotten.

But it was not forgotten. Forty-four years ago, and it was not forgotten. I became a middle-aged man, riddled with quips and quiver notions. My grandmother died, still sane and sound of mind despite her great age.

A cousin called to inform me of her death, and to ask when I would be arriving for the funeral. I said I'd let her know. I was all white, grief, uncontrollable, and it was absurd, out of all proportion. My grandmother was not someone I had loved. Yet how I grieved! But I did not travel to the funeral, nor did I attend flowers. I stayed home and drank a quart of vodka. I was very drunk, but I can remember answering the telephone and hearing my father identify himself. His old voice, voice I could hear with more than

IT TELLS, SHE UNWINDS, SHE SINGS, SHE WHISTLES, EVEN TO BE IN PICTURE SHOWS. PROVED THAT SHE WAS IN MY LIFE.

the weight of years, he vented the pent-up wrath of a lifetime, and when I answered what he said: "You son of a bitch. I said with your picture in her hand." I said, "I'm sorry," and hung up. What was there to say? How could I explain that all through the years my notion of my grandmother, any letter from her or thought of her, evoked Mrs. Ferguson? Her laughter, her fury, the swinging, spinning yellow spots, grandmotherly. —

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WE'VE HAD OUR BUILD FOR YOU

TOM WOLFE'S SEVENTIES

Three years ago, the author lobbed it "The Me Decode." Now that the Seventies have done their worst, he invites us to look over his shoulder while he focuses his magnifying glass on the dust and debris. Don't sneeze or you'll blow the whole thing away...

CASHING IN Here is Leon Jeworski with his chain saw, cutting down trees as if he was pruning paper for his *Watergate* book, *The Right and the Power*, a best seller of the year 1976. The 1970s became the era when people of fame and power, or, in some cases, mere survivors of sordid adventures, began to realize that their experiences were worth money, great amounts of money, in the form of book contracts. What was more, it became perfectly okay, quite the acceptable thing, to cash in on your life. A job such as special *Watergate* prosecutor had a book value of \$900,000 at the very least—if the defendants were found guilty. Undoubtedly, Jeworski never thought of that ahead of time, and it should be pointed out that he skipped his portion of the proceeds from his book into The Leon Jeworski Foundation, whatever that may be. But an interesting lesson was there for everyone in public life, and there was no law that said you had to suffer attacks of scripples. Men and women seated on both sides of the table at the Senate *Watergate* hearings cashed in at a merry rate. For the losers—John Dean, Mo' Dean, Haldean, Ehrlichman, Magruder, McCord, Hunt, Nixon—it was a matter of paying the lawyers. For criminal lawyers, the old idea was "I'll defend you, but first you sign over to me everything you own, in-



Tom Wolfe is a contributing editor of *Esquire*. His most recent book, *The Right Stuff*, was published this fall.

cluding your house." In the 1970s, that changed to "Your book contract or your life." (To this day, that would appear to be an underlying source of conflict between Patty Hearst and P. Lee Bailey—and the reason so *Patty Hearst* memoirs has ever appeared.) From the *Watergate* winners we have, in addition to Jeworski's book, books by Judge Simon and Samuel Dash, not to mention Sam Ervin's commercials. Among the losers, Ervin was the hero of *Watergate*, and his chivalrousness during the hearings—"I'm just a plain country lawyer..."—became the very voice of probity. In the 1970s, how should such a Lion of the Senate spend the honored years of his retirement? Why, sitting in front of a TV camera, of course, saying, "Do you know still remember me as a senator in Washington, but there are lots of places where folks don't know me at all. Now that I have more time to travel and exertion, I recently got me an American Express card. With this, maybe they'll treat me like somebody important, though I'm just a plain ol' country lawyer from North Carolina. The American Express card. Don't leave home without it."

course, saying, "Do you know still remember me as a senator in Washington, but there are lots of places where folks don't know me at all. Now that I have more time to travel and exertion, I recently got me an American Express card. With this, maybe they'll treat me like somebody important, though I'm just a plain ol' country lawyer from North Carolina. The American Express card. Don't leave home without it."



DISCO The press was never very candid about Studio 54, which was Disco Fever's chronically inflated venue. We were told only that Studio 54 was the hot ticket at night for every sort of celebrity in New York, from Vitas Gerulaitis and Dolly Parton to Loretta Bookbinder, and a Load of Cockage for the high and the groovy. But you only had to spend an evening there yourself to see that it was much stranger than that. Of the thousand-or-so souls on the dance floor at any one time, 150 were men, young and old, wearing strap undershirts, string vests, leather wrinders, and other Under the Expressway gear and dancing with one another to seamless music and exploding lights in a homoerotic frenzy. Ever since the Second World War, the reigning styles in popular music, dress, and dance

have tended to be created by marginal or racist groups: Negroes (the term) and poor whites (some of them from Liverpool) created rock. New Jersey teenage pawns brought about the dramatic change in dance styles that began with the twist at the old Peppermint Lounge. And the male-homosexual underworld created disco. The discotheque is the 1970s' quotation and commercial ratiocination of what used to be known as a homosexual rout, a fact that generally has not been laid on Moon & Dad & Buddy & Stu as they drive the Buick Wildcat over to the mall to take disco lessons so they'll be ready for the Vesper Disco nights at the church in Lubbock, De Kalb, Grand Forks, Riverhead, or wherever.

PUNK The greatest and most handsy postmodernist of Punk in America was John Simon Ritchie, an Englishman who renamed himself Sid Vicious. Punk had no American roots at all. It was a concept that had vitality only as a job of spit, a sopping hunger, in the face of the British class system. American children had to read about it in *People* or *Vogue* in order to know what to wear or how to act. The 1960s became known as an era of "pseudo-events," events that took place only because the press set them up. The 1970s did that one better and became the era of Knottoff Pseud, forms of life that existed nowhere but in the press but were there accorded out by people who believed they were real. Sid Vicious's great misfortune was in believing that Punk in America was real just because he was in it. He really believed that the Sid Punks, who played at CBGB and OMFUG,

the Dead played at Hirsh, meant every minute of it. He really did have a girl friend named Nancy Spungen. He really did show his wrists and overdo on heroin and die young to make a good-looking corpse. Incredible.

Kennedy, who played at Hirsh, meant every minute of it. He really did have a girl friend named Nancy Spungen. He really did show his wrists and overdo on heroin and die young to make a good-looking corpse. Incredible.





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THE WINE REMEMBERS

THE WINERY OF ERNEST & JULIO GALLO



Photo by John... (illegible)

TOM WOLFE'S SEVENTIES

UPSTAIRS, DOWNSTAIRS ET AL.

During the 1970s, I realized that PBS stood not for Public Broadcasting Service but for Petroleum's British System. Every drama I watched was from England, every accent was British, and after every show, a little sign appeared on the screen: "This program was made possible by a grant from Exxon Corporation," or the like. GEDRIGE MCGOVERN In 1972, I realized that the

most exquisite form of torture imaginable would be to find yourself locked inside a Sea-board railroad roomette just north of Jacksonville on the Miami-to-New York run with the radiator sizzling in an smoky, red-meat psychotic overboard and George McGovern sitting beside you, telling you his philosophy of government. McGovern was very much like Henry

Wallace, a man of aerial, even ethereal, intonations who was so boring he made your skull feel like it was imploding. McGovern said everything in a tired whine. Some editors' words catch fire, McGovern's were flaccid. They seemed to be made of Struett-Lite.

GATSBY I'll never forgive the 1974 movie version of *The Great Gatsby* as misinterpreted by Seventh Avenue. Throughout the picture, Redford wore white suits. They fitted so badly that every time he turned a corner, there was an eighty-millisecond lag before they joined him. Nevertheless, *Gatsby*, followed as it was nearly four years later by *Saturday Night Fever*, raised one of the main joys of my life: wearing white suits. Pretty soon you saw white suits everywhere. They came crawling out of every shopping-mall disco boutique in Anconia on the backs of the Gold Chiers in the Great Hair sat



ELVIS A producer for Columbia Records once explained the Elvis phenomenon to me as follows: "We had always known that R & B [rhythm and blues] had great potential, but it was what was known as race music. All the performers were Negroes, and all the audience were Negroes. We were waiting for a white Negro, so to speak, a white performer who knew how to use that sound." Presley was the man." But just how much more Presley represented didn't become clear until his death in 1977, which touched off an emotional binge that rivaled those that followed the deaths of Franklin Roosevelt and Martin Luther King Jr. Presley was the man who had at first pulled the black tie and Fred Astaire dancing pumps off popular music for

whites. The fox trot's pretensions to nightclub-room elegance disappeared under the Thoms McAn Nachman. Presley had become a Valentino for poor whites. A genuine Tupelo boy raised on drop biscuits, loose sausage, Nabe & Coke, had entered Show Business heaven. The kabblerly Shellback fix down-South ballads Presley insisted on keeping in his entourage were the despair of impresarios and hotel managers, but Presley's po' white legions loved him for it right up to the edification end.

JONESTOWN Among other things, Jonestown was an example of a deftly written well-known to sociologists of religion. A cult is a religion with no political power. Usually this is observed when the religion is in its ascendancy and is elevated from the status of "cult" to that of "church" or "disincarnation." The history of the Mormons in the first half of the nineteenth century is the prime example. The Reverend Jim Jones and his People's Temple, on the other hand, are examples of how to reverse the process in a single decade. As long as Jones & Company were going strong in San Francisco and were an electoral majority of politicians at the state and the city levels, the People's Temple was a church and nothing else but. After Jonestown, the outfit was turned into a cult—"cult" was in every headline—hicc a word that missed the golden punch-in. Jones himself instantly became a "madman"—another word in every headline. In the



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TOM WOLFE'S SEVENTIES

1970s, anyone who did anything evil enough became a madman. There were members of the press who spent months following Nixon's resignation trying to compile evidence of his insanity—in the face of every indication that he took the best with rather remarkable aplomb. It is very comforting to believe that leaders who do terrible things are, in fact, mad. That way, all we have to do is make sure we don't put psychotics in high places, and we've got the problem solved.

DESIGNER JEANS. As every student of the history of fashion knows, clothing styles since the French Revolution have been a classic example of the trickle-down concept. The rich had clothes made by couturiers, tailors, or designers, and the masses wore knockoffs of some. That held true until the 1970s, when certain



styles of High Bohemia began to be copied up the scale from the land of the poles. Tops on the list—and the greatest testament to how credence and wealth (i.e., funds and money) walk tall in our time—were designer jeans. I once indulged in a little (I thought) hyperbole about "prewarbed prefaded two-tone dyed patched-and-washed velvet-lined elephant-bill hip-bagging blue jeans with a procession of aluminum studs down the outseams and around the pockets in back bought for \$39.95 at the New Groceries boutique." Well, that merely illustrates Philip Roth's (and Malcolm Muggeridge's) crack about the poverty of the writer's imagination in the face of the true stories of the twentieth century. Designer jeans at \$29.95 are cheap, and they have nothing added except a few inches of cotton thread stitched to form the we-believe-in-range outseam.

WOODWARD & BERNSTEIN. I'm personally grateful to W & B. Thanks to their Watergate coverage, journalists got off the subject of "the New Journalism" and started talking about "investigative reporting." I had brought it on myself, of course, but the term "New Journalism" had begun to haunt me like a No-Ponk Strip, just the way the accursed word "jazz," as in "jazz sociologist," had made me miserable in the 1960s



Writers shouldn't propose their own theories: (They should do what painters do. Get their notes, brushes, or old school clothes to write the manifestos.)

BRANDO. During the 1970s, the number of American movies shrunk sharply, and the commercial

pressure to make each one a Blockbuster became intense. The only way to make sure the huge initial investment in a movie was not lost was to use it that the picture secured play dates (bookings) in thousands of theaters around the world, in Manila and Valparaiso as well as Milwaukee and Victorville. The best way to secure the thousands of play dates was to have an internationally popular star in the cast. Only a handful of performers, most of them male, filled the bill: Redford, Newman, McQueen, Brando, Eastwood, Bronson. What such a King of the Play Dates did in a movie was not so important as his being there at all. Hence the role of Brando in the movie *Apocalypse Now*. He turns up in the last act as a mangleman with his head shaved and his cheeks hooked down over his cheeks, whispering into his stenotype. Play Dates Kings can afford any eccentricities they please. Brando received \$3 million for these weeks' work.



THE POCKET CALCULATOR. This marvelous machine was the 1970s' most notable contribution to the impressive list of time-labor-saving devices that have made it possible for Americans, since the Second World War, to waste time in job lots and get less and less done—but with sleekness and precision of style. The time you can waste (I speak from experience) going chuk, chuk, chuk, chuk, chuk on your calculator and watching the little numbers go dancing across the black window—all the while feeling that you are living life at top speed—is breathtaking. Earlier additions to the list: the direct-dial long-distance telephone, the Xerox machine, the in-office computer, the jet airliner (not to mention the



Conceded: The jet set, for example, encourages you to drop everything, hop on a plane, and go to Los Angeles, or wherever, at a moment's notice. Later on you can't understand how the better part of a week got shot.

In light of my own not exactly staggering literary output, I have become interested in the life of

Bildad. I am convinced that the reason this genre was so productive—he published at least sixty books between ages thirty and fifty-one—was that he enjoyed no time- or labor-saving aids whatsoever, not even a typewriter. He dropped nothing and went nowhere on a moment's notice, not even to Massena-Lafayette, which was twelve miles from Paris. He didn't ring up anybody in Brittany, much less London. He either wrote a note by hand or sat the hell with a New, friends, there is a time-to-labor-saving device.

ROOTS Alex Haley's purported history of his family from African village and slave boat to New York City and book contract brought the history of the novel full circle. In 1976 and 1977, *Roots* was a best seller—on the non-fiction list—for six months. In 1977, it won a special Pulitzer award for history. In the form of a seven-part television series in 1977, it drew an audience estimated by the A.C. Nielsen Company at 130 million, the biggest in the history of the medium. By the end of 1977, the books of the book itself had begun to show. Haley had apparently used material from a novel called *The African*, by Harold Courlander, and a British journalist went to Africa to retrace the steps of the clan Kunta-Kinté and found out just much of what Haley wrote was based on false information. All of which was in the grand tradition of the man most infamous credit with having originated the modern novel. In 1919, a great many Englishmen were convinced that Daniel Defoe had come across the diary of a shipwrecked sailor named Robinson Crusoe.

PENNER In the Fifties, there was the martini. In the Sixties, there was vodka on ice. In the early Seventies, there was the glass of what was. In the late Seventies, there was the bottle of Penner, a French soda water that goes for \$2.50 a glass.



at The Sign of The Dove. The fashionable American expense account lunch drink became lighter and lighter. It didn't become any less expensive, however, and neither will tap water with a wedge of lime when they start serving that.

LIGHT BEER Even beer became lighter. The most successful new beers had all the body of Diet Shasta. To cloud men's minds lest they think there might be something offensive about diet beer, the advertisers presented it on television in the paw of some famous jock who walked with a milking spring-heeled gait, as if he had a bag of Doritos under.

MUHAMMAD ALI During the Seventies, professional boxing disappeared as an American sport outside of the heavyweight division. The last time I went to the fight at Madison Square Garden, which was in 1974, the crowd rose for a minute of silent prayer in memory of Juan Pérez, who had died a week before. The last regular television broadcast of boxing in the New York area—from Sunnyside Garden—were in Spanish, and they ended at least a year ago, when the arena was razed. Latin and Italian fighters dominated the top ranks of virtually every division except the heavyweight, where black Americans rule. Or, rather, where one black American rules. Tense to his bones, Ali became the entire boxing franchise of the United States in the 1970s. The heavyweight division itself became the story of Muhammad Ali and his challengers, period. The publisher of one of the few remaining fight magazines told me: "The day Ali actually retires, I'm folding the magazine. If you can't put Ali on the cover, you can't sell a boxing magazine in America." But things may not be so grim after all. There may never be any way of knowing if Ali has actually retired.

PEOPLE The most successful new mass-circulation magazine, in a decade that was not always kind to mass-circulation magazines, was *People*, Time Inc.'s Pasadena-

people magazine. The most successful new mass-circulation magazine, in a decade that was not always kind to mass-circulation magazines, was *People*, Time Inc.'s Pasadena-



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TOM WOLFE'S SEVENTIES

than offering of *Time* magazine's one- or two-page back-of-the-book section called *People*. The success of *People* was due to three things: (1) It always showed you other people's living rooms (e.g., Mia Farrow's as John headed off to jail), (2) it always showed you where other people's libidos were plugged in (e.g., there might be an article about a brain surgeon, but if he were polymorphous-perversely involved with a nylon or a squash, *People* always ran a photograph of that involvement), (3) it was a great source to the TV set. Instead of ignoring television, *People* assumed that television was its audience's main interest, and people and *People* had to fit into the picture where they could.

Rare was the issue that did not feature the likes of Phil Donahue, Mike Pigg, Carol Burnett, Robin Williams, or the Waltons on the cover. The idea was "You loved them on TV—now linger a moment over them in print." This made *People* the true magazine of the future. (In the past, television had followed the lead of print.)

The show 60 Minutes began years ago with what was known within the television business as a magazine format in the future, vice versa. In the book business, a novel will be known as a soulless manuscript, a newsmagazine will be called an offbeat documentary.

THE FALL OF NIXON, THE FALL OF FORD, THE

HOLY ROLLS OF JIMMY CARTER. The chief lesson

of Watergate: The stability of the American political system is profound. It has a center of gravity like a 100-inch High Point Vinylcushion sofa. The President of the Republic

was forced from office, and as a result nothing happened. The tanks didn't roll, the jets delivered no consensus from the Pentagon, not even a drunk Republican took to the streets. Instead, everyone sat back and watched the show on television and enjoyed it tremendously. (If there are ever any nostalgic memoirs of the Seventies, you can bet that most of them will concentrate on those delicious days and nights we spent watching Haldeman, Ehrlichman, & Co.) Then everybody sat back and watched Nixon's handpicked successor do a pratfall from one side of the continent to the other and enjoyed that, too, as if he were William Baudin playing Chester Riley in *The Life of Riley*. Then, to show just how concerned they were about the steadiness of the ship of state, the citizens elected, off the wall, an unknown down-home pious woods foot-washing softy-shoe soft-shell holy roller as President of the United States. For three years, he wore the picnic clothes of the Atlanta suburbs, which are just beyond the suburbs, and everybody enjoyed that too. Carter's biggest mistake was that he didn't prance at people more. Americans, like Persians, love to be told that they're sitting. Any politician willing to get on television and



make imaginary speeches with his hands and ending our crisis will be a tremendous success, so long as he doesn't get too specific about the winning campaign.

SIDEWALK STEREO. In the 1950s,

you could always tell cultivated people from prudes, because cultivated people didn't watch television. In the 1960s, however, they carried in and even stopped bying to the survey taken about it. In the 1970s, a new audience and one was developed. The





grotes new wave about the streets with 100-dB bel over-the-shoulder stereo radios and tape decks the size of atom smasher saloonmen/saloonesses (Cul-de-sac people, on the other hand, unstilled the stereo and tape decks to their cars and didn't walk around that much to the first place.)

THE YEAR THE NEW LEFT LEFT

One of the remarkable developments of the year 1970 was the disappearance of the New Left. Bang!—it was gone!—just like that. In May of 1970, the Movement, as it was known, had reached a peak of power and influence during the wave of campus disruptions that followed the shootings at Kent State and the invasion of Cambodia. By the fall, the Movement had evaporated. I have never understood how it happened. Many line troops in the Movement felt betrayed. In 1971, a student at the University of Rochester complained to me: "Last year, Jerry



Rubin came here and told us we had to pull this notion system up by the roots, there was nothing worth saving. This year, he came here and told us



to register to vote in the primary." He gave the words about the same circle one might have expected from Trotsky, Bukharin, or Maoist. Eventually, Jerry Rubin (shown, before and after) trimmed his mustache, cut off his beard, and could be seen at Seaside 54 instead of at hippie rallies. Allen Ginsberg, harshest of them all, made a dramatic appearance, finally clean, in 1970. When Abbie Hoffman went under-

ground in 1974, his hair went too. So the basinet turned out to be, in the students' mind to say, a significant gesture. By 1978, there was no active left wing in America at all.



BRAIN PHYSIOLOGY Freudianism was finally buried by the academic establishment in the 1970s, after its fifty-year reign in the United States. Freudian psychology was treated only as an interesting historical note. The fashionable new frontier was the clinical study of the central nervous system, an attempt to map precisely how the pencil is waved for fear, hurt, hunger, boredom, or any other sound or mental event. Long overshadowed by psychoanalysis, brain physiology came into its own with the development of such equipment as the microelectronic needle electrode. Today the new savants probe and probe and slice and slice and project their slides and haven't run across a libido or an Oedipus complex yet, not even a "neurosis," a term that is now regarded as a laughable historicalism on the order of "schizocholia" or "phlegmatism."

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FIRST WITH THE PROS.



THE FALL OF SOUTH VIETNAM

Reth Le Duc Tho and Henry Kissinger declined to go to Stockholm to receive their Nobel prizes for the peace agreement of 1973 that "ended" the war in Vietnam. Obviously, neither had any taste for the hedonism. Eighteen months later, the Soviet-supplied tanks rolled south, and scenes such as *The Last Helicopter* from Saigon were a good deal more grisly than *The Last Train from Barcelona*. The doctrine—as in "the much discredited domino theory"—fell, and the concentration camps went up, and Hanoi set about exterminating the Chinese of Vietnam, a piratical race of congenial merchants and bourgeois bloodsuckers who refused to be assimilated into the new order, according to Hanoi. By then, the United States was no longer "intervening in the internal affairs of the Vietnamese people" nor fighting an "unnatural war."

SHORT HAIRCUTS

During the famous Hairlist Riot in New York in May of 1970, I was surprised to see miles and miles of long hair pouring out from under the hard hats of the construction workers and others who were busy covering the skulls of antiwar students with helmets, piers, clubs, and crowbars. My record for predictions has not been astounding, but on that very day I predicted that male college students would start wearing their hair shorter, and the past ten years have borne me out. College boys have affected great Army Surplus Street People funkiness all that time, of course, but they do not really want to be mistaken for proles. So it's the star kickers with their C-strings up on cedar blocks beefing up the suspension on Sunday afternoons in the Teen Burger Kingdom of Oklahoma who now wear the hair of the much hated hippies of the 1960s, down to the shoulder blades, complete with headbands, while the college boys go in for the short, fluffy, thoracic look of Oxford undergraduates from the Evelyn Waugh period.



Measures, the shortest hair of all, the crew cut, or bush cut—formerly associated with military macho—is now affected by the more treely male homosexuals of the gay life. They also go in for big Nautica Center high-definition mendo-gorgo hoops, deloids, trapezoids, and kilnware dows, while heterosexual males now favor the most feminine forms of exercise conceivable, namely, jogging and tennis, both of which were scorned as "Nancy" activities in the original 1950s era of crew cuts.

WOODY ALLEN Woody Allen is the archetypal Hollywood figure of the 1970s, the New Yorker who affects an amused Upper Bohemian aloofness from Hollywood and goes to the Polo Lounge in night watchman pants and Keds basketball shoes. To move circles today, any man who wears a suit, shirt, and tie is presumed to be on the premises as a representative of Wells Fargo or some other bourgeois alien company. As the archetype, Allen wears the fashion moment of all in an era of Funky Chic: the sort of cheap plaid cotton shirt that was seen on trash and chem majors at CUNY in the 1950s. He was in view regularly at the reigning Hollywood restaurant of the 1970s, El Comodoro, which is now in Los Angeles but in New York—of course. In the old days of Café Society, the greatest treat in the world was to

look across the velvet ropes at El Comodoro and see Bruce Cabot sitting at table number one with a tomato on and his teeth baring and his wrists lit up like flashlight bulbs and his hair plastered back like the Patent Leather Kid's. Today it's Woody Allen sitting in El Comodoro at his table with his milk-mango cuffs on and his head down, looking rather left nor right, as if being noticed were the last fate in the world he would want to encourage.



Home for the holidays.



Celebrate the holidays with the bourbon America loves best. Jim Beam is a fine, mellow bourbon that keeps making new friends every day. It's been the holiday spirit since 1795. This season, share a great tradition with others. Jim Beam. The only thing better than giving it is getting it.

TEN YEARS' WORTH OF STYLISH
AND SEAT OLD BENDER COME
IN A THREE-QUARTER LENGTH CAN
BE EITHER CASUAL OR ELEGANT.
IT'S AN OLD, OLD STORY
WHICH, UNTIL NOW, IT
WELL, AT LEAST
BENDLE, NEW YORK

"THE OLD DAYS AND DAYS BEFORE THESE
BOOTS EVER WENT OUT - 1820
TWENTY-TWO YEAR OLD BOY CALLED
WHO MADE THESE BOOTS TO OBTAIN
HIS REPUTATION. NOW THAT'S
A COGNATE CASE."
BOOTS ARE CUSTOM
MADE TO LENGTH
AND MEASUREMENTS THAT
GIVE'S SHOWN HERE
ARE 14 1/2, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000

FORWARD GUNNER AS
ALONG AS YOU'RE
FOLLOWING THE
DON'T FORGET HIS
FATHER. THIS
DANCING JUNE OF
THE GOLD WITH PAIR
SHIMMERS ON THE
NECK AND A SHIMMER
ON THE TOP IS THE
WORTH WORK OF THE
CARTER DESIGNER
ALPHEUS GORRATH
IT'S \$1,300 AT
CARTER
NEW YORK

IN THE NEXT
DECADE, WE'LL
DISCOVER THE TOP
OF CONVENTION COGNAC
CONVEYING AND BE HAD'S
COUNTRY TOP OVER COGNAC FOR
HOLD (SPECIFICALLY) THAT STILL ARE
GIVING ABOUT 25 PERCENT IN LUCKY IT'S
\$200 AT HUGO'S, NEW YORK, MONTREAL, FIELD
AND CONVENT, CHICAGO, ROBINSON'S, LOS ANGELES.

THE TRUE SPIRITS OF CHRISTMAS
CHATEAU GLORIA 1970, A RED ELEGANCE
FROM THE TOWN OF ST. JULIEN, WAS
AT WAREHOUSE (OPENING IN 1970) ON
THE BERRY'S EXPANSION A
"VERY VINTAGE" PORTO BEING
FOR A LONG TIME. THEY ARE
BY THE AND THE US
BE SPECIFICALLY AT
SAGREY LAMARCA
NEW YORK

GRAPHIC
APPROPRIATE
BAGGY BOWME
HAS BEEN ADAPTED
ONE OF THE LEADING
"NEW LANDSCAPES" BY
THE LINES OF JOHN
SCHWENGER AT THE MUSEUM
IS PROBABLY THE MOST
WORK HAS BEEN EXHIBITED THIS
IS BY 14 NEW PHOTOGRAPHY, PRINTING
BUT, SIGNED AND DATED BY JOHN AS
\$400 AT CASTLEBERRY PARK, NEW YORK

TO REMEMBER THE
GOOD TIMES EACH
EPIRE, YOU'LL USE LIGHTS
A VIDEO TAPE RECORDED, AND
JULY THREE POUND BOWME
COGNAC HUGO'S CAMERA WITH 28
ZOOM LENS, THE CAMERA, BROWN
HUGO'S, LOS ANGELES, CHICAGO
SCROLLS THE COUNTRY

STYLISH
ANOTHER
MAYOR FOR
THE COUNTRY'S
LEADS IS STILL
MADE HERE, IT IS
INTERPRETED IN
TODAY'S LEAN
MODERNISM COGNAC
MICROSCOPICALLY THE
INITIALLY SPONTANEOUS FIM
TUNER (TOP) IS \$340.00
FOR AMPLIFIER AND SPEAKERS
\$200.00, AND FORTY WATT
POWER AMPLIFIER (BOTTOM)
\$100.00. AT BOWME SPECIALLY
STORIES MILLERWINE





THE EROTIC HISTORY OF HUGH HEFNER

BY GAY TALESE PART II

The Captain's Paradise

After buying his private DC-9 jet in 1967 for nearly \$6 million, Hugh Hefner had his cabin redesigned, reproducing as much as possible the familiar comforts of his Chicago residence. Reducing the plane's seating capacity from 110 passengers to barely 35, he installed plush chairs that could be converted into beds, he added tables for business conferences and his favorite games of Monopoly and Backgammon, he installed two 16-mm movie projectors, nine television monitors, three Skyphones with extensions, an elaborate eight-track stereo system, and also reserved enough floor space in the front of the cabin for dancing. Playboy stewardesses, wearing tight-fitting black uniforms trimmed with white luxury elements, matching the exterior color of

the plane, were prepared to serve eight-course dinners with enough silver, crystal, and china for thirty-six people. In the rear of the plane, in Hefner's suite, was a round bed, a strip-down shower, and a desk with a Dictaphone, tape recorder, and a light box on which he could examine color transparencies for future issues of the magazine.

Although the plane's extra fuel tanks enabled Hefner to take occasional trips overseas, his frequent flights from Chicago mostly took him back and forth to Los Angeles, where his company in the late 1960s had begun working heavily in television and film production and where in 1968 Hefner became entangled with an eighteen-year-old UCLA co-ed that he had recently met named Barbara Klein. He had been attracted to her on the set of the *Playboy* after Dark television variety show, where he was the host and she had been hired as an extra model by a Hefner associate who had spotted her one night in a Beverly Hills nightclub and knew immediately that her looks would appeal to Hefner. Barbara Klein was the quintessential girl next door, a green-eyed brunette with perfect complexion, a cute little upturned nose, and a graceful, budding body sensuously enhanced by clothes that were casual

but well-tailored. Before enrolling as a premed student at UCLA, Barbara Klein had been a high school cheerleader and a Miss Teenage America contestant from her hometown of Sacramento, and after arriving in Los Angeles, she occasionally worked after class as a television model, doing commercials for Cerris and posing as a model for Green and Klein.

When Hefner first saw her, he was amazed at how much she resembled his estranged wife, Mildred—not the contemporary Mildred but the original bright-eyed brunette with bumps and bobby socks that he had fallen in love with during the summer of 1944 after graduation from Stenometz High School. After he had gone out on a number of occasions with Barbara Klein, Hefner suddenly seemed interested in a more committed relationship. He was now in his early forties, and, though she was not much older than his daughter, Christie (who was living in Chicago with her mother and stepfather), Barbara was different from the dozens of other young women he had known since his divorce. She was more intellectually curious, more vivacious and socially poised, as the product of a prominent Jewish family in Sacramento and as the daughter of a physician, she was less used than most of Hefner's girl

Gay Talese is a contributing editor of Esquire. His last book was the best seller Honor Thy Father. This article, the second of two parts, is excerpted from his new book, Thy Neighbor's Wife, to be published next year by Doubleday. Part I appeared in the November Esquire.

finches by his wealth or position. When they went out on dates, she insisted that he wear neckties and live in his apartment in his chauffeur-driven limousine, preferring to drive her own car and meet him at the restaurant or party they were attending. She also insisted on being chauffeured to and from a room, having no intention of losing her virginity to a man of his reputation and advanced years. Early in their courtship, she explained, "You're a nice person, but I've never dated anyone over twenty-four," to which he replied, "That's about twelve years."

During his first few months of seeing her whenever he was in Los Angeles, Heifer re-

mained reasonably proper and patient, and when the first time they had sex, he and his friends for overnight visits to Las Vegas and to go dancing in Aspen, where his brother, Keith, had a large house, arrangements were made for Barbara Klein to have a private bedroom. Their traveling together, however, was soon publicized as the Hollywood press, which offended her parents in *Sensational*, and reviled against Heifer family allegations that he dated nymphs because he feared his mother, made it clear that to such assumptions Heifer assented that other women were not necessarily more challenging than younger ones, and in any case he was not seeking challenges in his love life. "I'm not looking for a fourth Mrs. Heifer," he told one reporter, adding, "A romantic relationship for me is an escape from the challenges and problems I face in my work. It's a psychological and emotional island I slip away to."

As Barbara Klein spent more time in his company, and came to know his many friends in publishing and show business, she became increasingly comfortable in his world and reputation. Heifer, who was quick-witted but never derisive; he seemed unaffected by his millions and possessed a sense of boyish adventure that made her forget the difference in their ages. By 1968, during a visit to his mansion in Chicago, Barbara Klein was not only ready but eager to consummate their relationship in the big round bed, and she also agreed while in Chicago to pose for the cover of *Playboy*, the first of many pictorial appearances that would bring her national fame (under the name "Barb Benton"). Heifer was entranced with Barb Benton, dazzled by her wholesome appeal, and, as she reacted with

grinful delight to beautiful things and places that Heifer had taken her to, he decided, she motivated him to drive to explore still further the limitless possibilities of his life. During a weekend in Acapulco, despite his inability to swim, Heifer found his

quiet-carrying couple now unopposed cast of sexual balls.

Visible from almost every part of the estate, despite the high hedges and trees, was the mansion, a carlelike structure with towering chimneys and turrets that was modeled after a fifteenth-century English manor. In front of the mansion's main entrance was a white marble fountain with cherubs and fountains spraying water, and after passing through an arched stone portal and a heavy oak door, visitors entered a grand hall with marble floors and a high-beamed ceiling from which was suspended an enormous golden chandelier with crystals pos-

YOU'RE A NICE PERSON," BARBI SAID TO HEFNER. "BUT I'VE NEVER DATED ANYONE OVER TWENTY-FOUR." "THAT'S OKAY, NEITHER HAVE I," HE SAID.

by the use of beaded balls. To the right was a beamed dining room with a long polished wood table surrounded by twelve blue-velvet covered chairs, to the left was a large living room with a concert piano, leather sofa, and many chairs that would be occupied by guests at those evenings when Heifer would convert the room into a movie studio. Rising from the entrance hall was a wooden two-balcony Gothic staircase that led to several private suites, including the master bedroom, occupied by Barb Benton and, when he was in town, Hugh Heifer.

The Los Angeles mansion, like the one in Chicago, featured round-the-clock five-and-a-half-acre lawns with a long polished wood table surrounded by twelve blue-velvet covered chairs, to the left was a large living room with a concert piano, leather sofa, and many chairs that would be occupied by guests at those evenings when Heifer would convert the room into a movie studio. Rising from the entrance hall was a wooden two-balcony Gothic staircase that led to several private suites, including the master bedroom, occupied by Barb Benton and, when he was in town, Hugh Heifer.

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As tokens of his affection, Heifer gave Barb Benton a Museum auto-



Heifer and friend Barb Benton in Hawaii, 1969.

mobile, exquisite jewelry, beautiful clothes, and a red cotton-candy machine, and he commissioned a sculptor to do a bust of her that emphasized her sprightly sexuality and her firm pointed breasts. When Heifer was away from Los Angeles, he telephoned her every day from his airplane, or from his limousine, or from his big Chicago bed, telling her that he loved her and missed her—which was true enough, but what he did not admit during their separations was that he was often chasing his Chicago bed with one of the new Barms or models who were reading temporarily at the mansion while leaving as waitresses at the Playboy Club or undergoing a series of test shots in the Playboy Building's photo studio.

During such moments in Chicago, hundreds of miles away from Barb Benton, in the early summer of 1971, Hugh Heifer became particularly appreciative of a green-eyed ex-girlfriend blonde from Texas named Karen Chesley. Endowed with large, firm, magnificent breasts and curly platinum blonde hair that flowed over her shoulders and halfway down her back, Karen Chesley had been discovered in Dallas during a "Bunny hunt" conducted by one of Heifer's associates, a Playboy Club executive named John

Dixie, who often traveled from city to city interviewing those women who, in reply to local newspaper ads, had accepted newspaper ads in working for one of the clubs. Playboy Clubs located around the nation in Dallas, Karen and two hundred other applicants had assembled at the Statler-Hilton hotel to pose in bikinis and meet with John Dixie and other Playboy representatives. Within weeks later she was in Hawaii, she received an airplane ticket to Chicago and was invited to stay at the mansion while being trained to work at the Playboy Club in Miami.

Karen reacted to her acceptance with as much repugnance as joy, having never before been east of Texas and having spent most of her youth in the rural surroundings of Abilene, in a family that was unaccustomed to receiving good news. When Karen was there, her mother died from a complicated kidney disorder. Her father remarried, but this unhappy relationship ended in divorce when Karen was nine, and four years later, Karen's father was found dead in a kitchen sink. During these years, Karen and a younger sister were alternately feared in the well-attended but barely solvent households of various aunts, uncles, or grandparents, and although Karen received federal aid as an or-

phan, and saved whatever money she could from her after-school jobs and her full-time secretarial position in a business office following her graduation from Cooper High in Abilene, sufficient funds forced her to drop out of North Texas State University after her freshman year.

At sixteen, however, she saw the Playboy ad in the local press, and later concluding that employment as a cocktail-baited waitress had to be more interesting and remunerative than working as a secretary in an office, she packed her suitcase in May of 1971 and, landing at the Chicago airport, traveled to the ornate black wrought-iron front gate of Heifer's limestone-and-brick domain on North State Parkway. After the security guards at the vestibule had verified her identity, Karen Chesley was escorted by a waiter through a marble hall, up an octet staircase to the fourth floor, where she was directed to a door leading into the Bunny territory.

Behind the door she heard the sound of showers and laughter, electric hair dryers and radio music, and as she walked through the hall, she saw several nude young women making in and out of rooms, presumably getting ready to go to work at the Playboy Club. Amazed and mildly dis-

by their extreme infatuation. Karen became even more self-conscious when, on entering her assigned suite, she noticed standing in front of a mirror a nude woman braiding her hair and a short-haired blonde seated at the dinner table in the foreground. While both women were formally as Karen introduced herself and also patiently answered her many questions about the job she would begin on the following day, Karen sensed as they talked that her they were critically appraising her, surveying the outline of her body under her clothing, and after she had removed her blouse but not her bra, one of the women lightly commented, "We don't wear those around here." Karen realized that she had not taken off her bra; so she complied to unhook it, and it was not until after they had left for work, and the dormitory was quiet and empty, that she removed all of her clothes and entered the shower room.

Later, feeling refreshed and dressed in new clothes she had bought in Dallas, Karen ventured out of the dormitory and down the grand staircase, soon finding herself in a vast, four-story living room that had oakwood floors and a more than twenty-foot-high ceiling, tiled with flowered frescoes. At one end of the massive room was a curved marble fireplace large enough for her to stand in, at the other end, perched on pedestals, were polished silver medieval suits of armor, and in between was a mixture of antique and modern furniture, a concert piano and stereo console softly resounding with jazz. Around a coffee table, near the distant fireplace, sat a group of young women and older men who were engaged in conversation. Hefner was not among them, but Karen did recognize the man she had met in Dallas, John Dunlap, whom Duke told her, she immediately got up and came forward to greet her. Duke was a ruggedly stylish man in his early fifties, with a small, neatly trimmed mustache and broadly smiling face, and he wore an open silk shirt with a gold medallion around his neck and shaggy crossed tapered trousers. Although he was soft-spoken and unassuming, the buttons in the room, responsive to his status in the Hefner hierarchy, rattled and vibrated as Duke shook hands with Karen, and when Duke asked her if she wanted something to eat or drink, two butlers were quickly at her side, ready to fulfill her request.

Karen was introduced to the people around the coffee table and sat among them for several moments in awkward silence as they chatted and relaxed in the surrounding splendor, then the group was joined by an attractive

woman of about thirty with lean delicate features, large expressive eyes, and a manner that, while sophisticated, seemed warm and natural. Her name was Bobbie Aronson, and, as Karen later learned, Miss Aronson was Hefner's social secretary and confidante, among other duties, she helped to entertain Hefner's houseguests and visiting celebrities, schedule the Playboy business meetings held in Hefner's suite, and did most of Hefner's personal shopping, including the Christmas and birthday gifts that he sent to his parents and children. Years ago, briefly and casually, Bobbie Aronson had been romantically involved with Hugh Hefner, but since then, their relationship had ripened into a deep and special friendship—said, like Hefner, she now preferred lovers who were years younger than herself. Bobbie Aronson's presence at the table, and her subtle way of including Karen into the conversation without monopolizing a response from the obviously shy Texas beauty, allowed Karen to feel more at ease among the many strangers. But Karen nonetheless welcomed the greeting that Duke provided when he offered to give her a tour of the mansion.

For the next half hour, Karen followed Duke through corridors and secret passageways and down a curved staircase into the undersewer bar that could also be reached by shuffling down a brass fireman's pole from the floor above. Duke, who had moved into the mansion at Hefner's suggestion years ago and knew something of its history, told Karen that it had first been created before the turn of the century by a Chicago industrialist who later entertained in the house such guests as Theodore Roosevelt and Admiral Peary. Until Hefner had purchased it, for less than a half million dollars in 1958, it had been empty and gathering dust for years, and since acquiring it, Hefner had spent at least a half million on modernization. When Karen asked if she could see Hefner's quarters, Duke at first hesitated, explaining that Hefner had arrived in Chicago earlier in the day from Los Angeles and might be sleeping, but a few minutes later, after Duke had gone off by himself to check, he returned to say that Hefner was awake and would be glad to meet her.

With Duke at her side, Karen walked across the oak-paneled living room in which they had been sitting earlier, climbed two steps, and passed

through a door that led into a suite that was abundantly appointed with electronic equipment, including eight separate television monitors, one for each channel in Chicago, thus permitting Hefner to have a variety of programs taped simultaneously and replayed at his convenience. Opening a second door, Duke guided Karen into the thick white carpeting of a padded room that was dominated by the round bed, in the center of which, sitting a hair-trigger and typing a Pepsi while reading page proofs, sat Hugh Hefner.

With raised eyebrows and an exaggerated smile, Hefner bounced out of bed to welcome her, and for the next ten minutes, in addition to talking with Duke for Karen's amusement, he conversed with her in a serious but convivial manner, asked her questions about her background and her aspirations, and took her through the apartment, showing her his lavishly furnished library with walls lined with books, his bathing area with a Roman tub large enough for a dozen people, and the many bedrooms and knots that adorned his rotating bed, which was eight and one-half feet in diameter and had been built at a cost of \$15,000. Near the bed, and pointed toward it, was an Ampex television camera that was designed to produce both instantaneous and delayed transmissions of the wall-screen above of Hefner's amorous activities, which he found endlessly stimulating, but in his guided tour with Karen, Duke, he tactfully avoided any mention of these things.

Before Karen left, Hefner indicated that he would be playing pool later in the evening with the actor Hugh O'Brian and a few other houseguests, and he added that he would be very pleased if Karen would join them. She replied that she would. Later, relaxing alone in her room, she was surprised at how comfortable she had felt in Hefner's presence and how conveniently contented he had seemed while himself. Having watched her one night a year ago on the Johnny Carson television show in her college dormitory, she had sensed him to be somewhat artificial and forced in his manner, but in person he was more free-spoken, unassuming, and physically more attractive. She also found endearing the signs of adolescent sloppiness she had observed in his private quarters—the floors littered with scraps of paper and old magazines, bits of clothing carelessly tossed in the wastebasket, and his California trip opened but not yet unpacked. Despite the valets and many housekeepers dedicated to maintaining order and tidiness around the clock, Hugh Hefner conveyed the impression of having



Near the bed, a camera recorded Hefner's amorous activities.

to be looked after more carefully, tended to more personally.

In the bedroom hours later with Hefner's guests, and still later standing around the pinball machines that Hefner skillfully owned and patted with the palms of his hands, Karen Christy was constantly aware of Hefner's attention. He smiled at her as he checked his cue tips, winked following each

good shot, and, after delivering a joke or witty comment to the crowd, he would invariably look in her direction to study her reaction. While his lack of valetism might have cost him points with a more worldly woman, Karen was flattered by it, preferring by far his open appreciation to the indirect tactics of a less forthright man. He seemed to be acknowledging not only

to her but to the room at large—and particularly to the other attractive women gathered there—that he was overwhelmingly drawn to her, and while she chose not to dwell on where this all might lead, she was for the moment enjoying it immensely.

After a midnight supper, which had been carried on silver trays by butlers into the game room—and had been

served on the glass tops of the prebail machines that Hefner and some of his guests continued to play. Also continuing—the group drifted down to the underground bar for drinks, swimming, and conversation. Hefner stayed close to Karen, and gradually the other people left the room for privacy, leaving the two of them alone. It had been after one o'clock when they had arrived, and three hours later they were still there, sitting together and talking softly at a small table under the bare blue-green light glowing through the pool. He seemed softly interested in learning more about her past, her schooling, her friends, how she had endured the hardships and the nasty deaths in her family. Although his questions were endless, he did not appear merely to be probing in the professional manner of a magazine editor—he seemed sincerely interested in knowing her intimately, eager to hear from her what nobody had ever taken the time to hear. He seemed to have long periods without interrupting, allowing her to develop her thoughts in an unhindered way. She also listened while he discussed his own past, his disappointing marriage, his hopes for his children, and his plans to move to Los Angeles with Barb Benton. Karen was especially appreciative of his candor regarding Barb, a subject that a less honest man might have consistently ignored as a first evening with someone new. She had hoped.

Karen was well aware of Barb Benton, having seen her with Hefner on the Johnny Carson show, where their eventual marriage was rumored as a possibility, although Karen remembered doubting at first that Hefner would ever destroy his renowned bachelorhood for Barb Benton or anyone else. And now, a year later, with Hefner in person, seeing how he enjoyed his life in his mansion filled with toys, Karen was even more convinced that he was a poor candidate for marriage—which was not meant as a criticism on her part, on the contrary, she relished the idea of being close to a rich and busy man even when he had somehow retained a youthful vigor for fun and frolic. And as the hours passed in the underwater atmosphere of this fanciful place, Karen was aware only of her pleasure and comfort in his company, and when he suggested that they return to his apartment to watch a movie, she stood and took his hand. Later, when he asked her to spend the night with him, she accepted without hesitation.

The marvelous mood of their first evening extended through the following day and into the next night, and much to Karen's delight and surprise, they remained compatible lovers and

companionate companions throughout the entire week, interrupted only by his business meetings and her hours of training at the Playboy Club. But before she had been fitted for her Bunny uniform, Hefner asked if she would mind quitting her job so they would have more time together at night. He assured her she would not have to worry about the loss of salary, suggesting she could earn much more in a magazine model adorning the pages of *Playboy*. When she agreed to pose, Hefner immediately had photos taken to arrange for her first shots and after days of shooting, Karen Christy became the *Playboy* centerfold for the December issue of 1971, for which she received \$5,000.

Her sudden emergence as Hefner's lover in Chicago caused some astonishment and envy among the *Bonnie* in the dormitory, but as they realized that Hefner was serious about her, they resigned themselves to her privileged presence, and in time they came to like her. Though she now had access to a limousine and had charge accounts at his expense in Chicago stores, she remained essentially the same country girl she had been on the day of her arrival from Texas. She often walked around the mansion in bare feet, shorts, and a T-shirt. If influenced at all by her new surroundings, it was only evident in her abandonment of her braless and in her developing skill at the games that Hefner and his close friends spent so much time playing—Backgammon, Monopoly, and the prebail machines. She spent her days in the hot desert under her girlfriend, watching soap operas on television, including *Another World*, her favorite show, which she had begun watching at fourteen while living on her grandfather's farm, and if occasionally she missed it while spending the afternoons in bed with Hefner, she knew that she could see it later at her convenience because the house manager had been instructed by Hefner to tape it every weekend.

When Hefner left for Los Angeles, as he did every other week, Karen expressed no resentment about his continuing interest in Barb Benton, although as the months passed, and as Karen was becoming more emotionally involved with Hefner, she felt an increasing loneliness and she privately wondered what, if anything, Barb knew about her. But the telephone calls she received each day from Hef-

ner when he was in California and the gifts he gave her reassured her. During their first month together, he had given her a diamond watch inscribed "with love," and his Christmas gift to her in 1971 was a full-length white musk coat. In March of 1972, on her twenty-first birthday, he gave her a two-horse diamond cocaine rug from Tiffany's. He also gave her an emerald ring, a silver fox jacket, a Matisse painting, a Persian cat, a beautiful metallic reproduction of the *Playboy* cover on which she was featured, and for her Christmas gift in 1972, she received a white Mark IV Lincoln.

With the money she was earning from her modeling and public appearances for *Playboy*, she bought for his December board each specially designed item in hand-carved which shaped like the Playboy Plaza Hotel in Miami and tiny individual statues of the six people who were most often seen seated around the board, in addition to Hefner, who the two-and-a-half-inch-high sculptured likenesses were a colorful baritone and smoked a pipe, the other figures represented Karen, Barbie Andersen, and Robin Davis, and two old Hefner friends and admirers of the magazine: Gene Siskel, the Chicago Tribune movie critic, and Shul Silverstein, the cartoonist and children's writer. She also commissioned a Chicago artist to do a three-dimensional portrait of Hugh Hefner, a large oil painting that Hefner had seated in a chair wearing a silk robe and smoking a pipe, while above his head was a cloud of white smoke in which was a small nude picture of Karen Christy. When she presented him with the gift, she surprised him by pointing out that the section showing her was detachable, and that whenever he became tired of looking at it he could easily replace it with an inset of someone else.

But throughout 1972 into 1973, during their every-other-week reunions in Chicago, Hugh Hefner tried to neither her picture nor her presence, and he also began asking her to pose him on some trips. He took her to Orlando, Florida, to see *Disney World*, to a resort hotel in the Cushman, where he was being honored at a convention of magazine distributors, and to New York City, where there was a Backgammon tournament. While in New York, after Karen had expressed a wish to do some shopping, Hefner reached into his pocket and handed her his wallet, then left to attend a meeting. In the wallet was \$1,500. But as Karen was waiting through storm along Fifth Avenue, she found herself checking the prices and realizing the impulse to buy, as outlined below.

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profession as Heifer was capable of being. Karen also knew that he was quietly covetous of how money was spent—and, not wanting to take advantage of him, nor to waste money being on things she did not really need, the heart started the wallet with only \$200 missing.

Karen Christy's sensitivity to certain corners of Barbi Benton's nature, to his varying moods and unexpressed wishes, contributed greatly to the harmony of their relationship. One day when they were playing *Monopoly* in the Chicago playmate mansion, a butler announced that Heifer's plane was ready to leave for Los Angeles, and Karen, though hardly noticeably feline, followed him out the door and accompanied him to the limousine at the airport. As Heifer boarded the plane with his business associates and friends, one of them playfully suggested that Karen come along for the ride—much to Heifer's sudden approval, she did. During the flight west, she and the others returned their game of *Monopoly* and enjoyed a future lunch, while the plane followed Karen's instructions, reduced about for a separate itinerary that would take Karen to a Beverly Hills shoe store, and then back to the Los Angeles airport, where an airline ticket would be waiting for her.

After this flight, Karen sometimes traveled from Chicago on commercial planes to join Heifer at the Los Angeles airport and then flew back with him on the Playmate jet. Heifer could create better pleasure together. Time—not money—was of primary importance to Heifer if love and pleasure were involved. He had often said—following his forthright forthrightness, when his personal fortune exceeded \$100 million—that money was no longer a factor in his life, but time was, and that he would spare no expense in going there to fulfill his romantic desires. Once, when Karen was visiting her address in Hollywood, he dispatched a Learjet at the cost of more than \$100,000 to pick her up in Dallas and bring her to the Los Angeles airport so that she could be with him on the Playmate DC-9 jet headed back to Chicago.

On another occasion, when he returned to Chicago without her, he was surprised to see that the trees outside the Chicago mansion were foliated with yellow ribbons, a decoration inspired by a song currently popular around the nation—"The Yellow

Rubber"—a recording of which Karen had bought for him weeks before; the song described a returning lover for whom the sign of continued affection was a yellow ribbon tied to an oak tree, and Heifer had immediately responded to the song and tied it to

BARBI BENTON WAS A WOMAN OF CHARACTER AND APPEAL, BUT IN WAYS, AND INSIDE THE BEDROOM, SHE WAS NO MATCH FOR PLAYMATE KAREN CHRISTY.

he played repeatedly on the mansion's big stereo. But since the song was on a 45-rpm recording that was not made for continuous play, Heifer asked one of the butlers to stand next to the stereo and as soon as the record was finished to lift the needle and put it back to the beginning. The butler spent an entire evening replacing the song.

With each passing year, Heifer seemed to be understanding more fully the Judeo-Christian tradition that associated excessive pleasure with punishment. Though his aging body was allegedly subjected to the exhaustive daily demands of his lifestyle, he never looked better in his life. Though he ate much junk food, he never gained weight, and his consumption of case loads of Pepsi apparently failed to make him toothy. While he considered many problems of the kind he had solved, he had a major supervision that had several subsidiaries, with thousands of employees around the nation and overseas, he merely listed that he was under pressure, not that he was known to have ever visited a psychiatrist.

But there was part of his life over which he suddenly lost control during the summer and fall of 1973, and, because it involved his two favorite women, he displayed to his household staff an uncharacteristic lack of composure and even signs of panic. What provoked this was a story in *Time* magazine in July entitled "Adventures in the Skin Trade," and in addition to spreading the lively news between *Playboy* and *Penthouse* magazines, as well as speculating on how a recent Supreme Court ruling might inhibit men's magazines, *Time* printed a photograph showing Heifer in Los Angeles being embraced by Barbi Benton and a second picture of him sitting

in the Chicago mansion with Karen around Karen Christy. "Long a two-of-everything consumer," *Time* wrote, "Heifer has lately extended the principle to his romantic life. Former Playmate Barbi Benton, his longtime escort, lives in the California mansion."

Blonde Karen Christy, an ex-Betty in the Chicago Playmate Club, is consumed in his Chicago question. Somehow the arrangement contributes to work."

The magazine provided Barbi Benton with the first indication that Heifer was more than casually involved with another woman and that he had knowingly allowed himself to be photographed with Karen Christy. The magazine was unacceptable to Barbi. Without telephoning or notifying Heifer in any way, Barbi picked a suitcase and left the mansion. When Heifer learned of her departure, he immediately called a police station in Los Angeles and flew to California—greatly upsetting Karen Christy, who had been led to believe in recent months that Heifer was more in love with her than with Barbi, a view that he had not only expressed in person but had further demonstrated by spending more of late in Chicago than in Los Angeles.

Remembering Karen as he kissed her, Heifer thought that she was just as much his, but sometimes knowing that he felt obliged to appease Barbi—and that he had to do it in person—he left for Los Angeles. Karen seemed to understand his leaving. Heifer had been in Heifer's life for a long time, and Heifer had convinced Karen that Barbi deserved his direct explanation. What Heifer did not admit to Karen was that he wanted Barbi to return, that he needed them both, that he was attracted to each for different reasons. He admired Barbi Benton for her wit and blonde spirit, and the fact that he could not completely control his femininity independent of California; he was also attracted to her sensuality as a country and western singer, made her more challenging to him, and constantly desirable. Like his mother, his former wife, and his daughter, who was now completing college, Barbi was a woman of wholesome appeal and uncommon character, but in other areas that were imperative to Heifer—and particularly within the walls of his bedroom—Barbi was no match for Karen Christy. Though shy in a crowd, Karen was unshakable in private, and



Adventures in the Skin Trade

On the surface, which is hardly as sensitive as the skin trade, the golden age of the skin trade business. Christy is not happy.

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In July 1973, Time printed photos of Heifer with Chicago friend Karen Christy (left) and L.A. friend Barbi Benton. Trouble ensued.

during his own and varied erotic past, he had never known anyone who could corrupt him so fully and so deeply. The night of her removing her clothes shuffed him, and after he had covered her body with oil—which she seemed to enjoy as much as he—the smooth, soothing, gliding leeching on the skin sheets around him to peaks of passionate pleasure. Unlike Barbi, who was often tired in the evening after rehearsing in studios and who disliked a woman get out her hair on those nights when she had car accidents on the following morning, Karen was not ambitious about a career and had many free hours during the day for the washing and drying of her hair. Heifer was also pleased that Karen shared his enthusiasm for Backgammon and the other games and was always willing and available to travel with him or to take places to meet him whenever he called. When he was in the mood to be with just one other person, that person was usually Karen Christy, but when he was serious as a host at a large party—and especially at one of the fund raisers for social causes that he frequently sponsored—he preferred to have Barbi Benton at his side. She had more social poise than Karen, was a better conversationalist, was capable of making a speech. Although her television appearances as a singer and com-

edian had so far made her seem trivial and superficial, she was in person intelligent and witty, and she was the only woman that he had met in recent years that he thought could make him an acceptable wife.

While he had no intention of offering marriage to Barbi as a possible antidote for her return, he also could not imagine being happy in his West Coast mansion if she was not in residence, and so soon as he landed in Los Angeles and located her by telephone at a hotel in Glendale—where he was involved with a lady friend—he pleaded for forgiveness and urged that she not allow the one article in *Time* to destroy their years of love and understanding. Through his intense need on the phone and insisted that she would stay another week in Glendale, she did agree to speak with him in person after her return to Los Angeles. But when he sent her his, she was still upset and remote, and while she conceded that she still loved him and hoped that their relationship could be revived, she intimated that she had gotten an apartment of her own in Beverly Hills, a place to which she could go when she wanted to get away from the houseguests, the Bunnies, and the ongoing Backgammon games at the mansion.

After Barbi Benton had joined

High Heifer in bed, she promised that she would not date other men, and Heifer promised that he would be faithful to his fashion, and from then on he sent flowers producing his love each and every day for her apartment. During this time, he was speaking on the telephone daily to Karen Christy, who seemed eager for his return, but when he returned back into the Chicago mansion, he could sense that she, too, was somehow different, more reserved, less free with him, even though she told him nothing had changed between them.

The routine of the mansion slowly returned to normal. The pajama parties and table games were played through the night, the Bunnies studied back and forth between the dormitory and the club, the Playmate staffs regularly arrived for meetings in Heifer's suite—but a sense of nervousness permeated the big home. Bates terms of security guards, hired to stand watch around the property ever since the kidnapping of Patricia Heifer, lost an air of emergency by their very presence behind the gates, and in addition, there were signs of anxiety in the manner of Heifer's secretary, Bobbie Armatron, once a gentle assistance in the house but now involved in a troubled love affair with a handsome and erratic young drug dealer who quietly and unexpectantly

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ward her lower-floor apartment in the rear of the mansion.

And, then one evening, after emerging from a bathroom, Hefner discovered that Karen Christy was missing from the mansion. She had been seen earlier in the afternoon by some of the housemaids and guards, but a quick inspection of every room of the house, including the secret passageways and bedrooms, failed to reveal a trace of her. By midnight, Hefner was visibly shaken and exasperated, and responding to a suggestion that she might be waiting the argument of a flustered friend named Nancy Hefner, with whom Karen Christy often spent time while Hefner was out of town, Hefner quickly put on a coat over his pajamas, jumped into his chauffeur-driven Mercedes, and, accompanied by guards, drove through a light snow into the Lincoln Park section of Chicago.

When the driver stopped in front of an old, festively decked building where Nancy Hefner lived, Hefner and the guards hastened toward a dark doorway that had no overhead light, and, as they lit matches, they squinted at the mailbox in an attempt to locate the Hefner name and apartment number. There was a row of six buttons along the box, but the plastic nameplates were either missing or illegible, and so the impatient Hefner began to press all six buttons repeatedly. When the door was finally opened, he stood at the entrance and called up in a loud voice, "Hello, I'm Hugh Hefner. Is Karen Christy up there?"

The two guards carrying walkie-talkies and Hefner waiting in open space waited momentarily for a sign of response. When none came, Hefner proceeded to climb the steps and to knock on each door, repeating, "I'm Hugh Hefner, and I'm looking for Karen Christy. Soho, on the second floor, he heard voices coming from the other side of a door, saw light streaming through the cracks and the people.

"What do you want?" a woman cried from behind the doorway.

"I'm Hugh Hefner, and—" "Are you really Hugh Hefner?" she asked, still not unlocking the door. Then Hefner heard a man's voice in the background, saying the woman that the connection was good, and he replied, "Some one outside says he's Hugh Hefner."

Nobody on the second floor or the third would open doors, but Hefner continued up another flight of steps and after he knocked on an apartment 4-A, he heard a dog barking and a voice announcing, "Karen's not here." The door opened, and Nancy Hefner, a blondish young woman wearing a

black robe and holding back her Tibetan watchdog, let Hefner and the guards in. Hefner's not here—put on for you! As Hefner apologized for the late-hour interruption, the guards searched through Nancy Hefner's room, in her closets, under her bed. Hefner looked haggard and disheveled, his hair was blown wild, a Pepsi bottle was empty. After the guards had completed their search, Nancy Hefner walked with him to the door, looking sorry for him.

Hefner's car had barely pulled away from the curb when the moment later, the telephone rang. It was the sobbing voice of Karen Christy saying that she was in a phone booth and wanted to come over, adding that she had to get away from the brilliant Hugh Hefner. After Karen was wearing a heavy coat and boots, her hair wet from the snow and her mascara smeared with tears, she explained that earlier in the day, as she awoke from a nap, she had overheard Hefner and Nancy Hefner talking on the telephone to Barbie in Los Angeles, reaffirming his love and even making arrangements to join her for a weekend in Aspen. The night before, Karen told Nancy, Hefner had declared that it was all over and Barbie, claiming that during his recent visit to California he realized that Barbie no longer enthralled him. Obviously, Karen concluded, Hefner was deceiving her, and Nancy Hefner, concerned that she might pack her things at the mansion and leave it forever.

Nancy Hefner was beginning to grow weary of hearing Karen constantly talking about Hefner, complaining about his selfish nature and how painful it was being involved with him. And now, following this visit by Hefner and his guards to her apartment, Nancy had all but exhausted her patience with Karen's ongoing complaints. She felt compassionate but emphasized to Karen that there was no future for a woman in Hefner's bed, and Karen, though fearful at times, nodded in agreement and promised that she would end the affair at once.

The two young women spoke for hours, leaving the apartment at 1:00 A.M. for a final drink in the more cheerful ambience of the nearby Frost Tavern bar. But as they returned to the apartment building and, before long, they saw Hefner's car cruising along the street, and when Hefner spotted them, he jumped out of the car and ran toward Karen with outstretched arms. Karen, stopping next to Nancy, said she felt breathless as she approached her with tears in his eyes and his arms reaching out to her, Karen suddenly moved forward to embrace him, and she too began to cry.

As the two of them held one another tight and exchanged tender words, Nancy Hefner and Barbie had Karen lowered the open door of the limousine, Nancy Hefner climbed up the steps leading to her apartment.



After assured Karen on the following day that the phone call she had overheard regarding the Aspen weekend was not to Barbie Benton but rather to her daughter, Christine Hefner. This somewhat strange, Karen's heart flinched, although in truth she was almost less concerned of Hefner's Pleasure Kappa daughter than she was of Barbie Benton. Karen had met Christine Hefner several times when Christine was visiting from college in San Francisco, and she recently had been upset when she overheard one of the boyfriend's disparaging remarks about Hefner's "concubinage." Karen also had heard that Hefner's daughter and Barbie Benton got along well in Los Angeles and had gone on a shopping spree together in Beverly Hills, and this made Karen, at this sensitive time, even more insecure. But Hugh Hefner had given no indication, at least to Karen, that he could be influenced by his daughter's judgment of his women, and she was encouraged when he suggested that they take a short vacation in Aspen.

It had been a long, cold winter for Karen in Chicago, and she looked forward to the first of May in the sun. Accompanied by a couple of Hefner's friends that Karen liked, the visit to Aspen was for her a reprieve from all the turmoil of the past months. Hefner was giving her his most valuable gift—his time—and during the effulgent days and nights that followed, she luxuriated in his presence and wished that it could continue indefinitely. But the warm outdoors and increased evenings were of limited appeal to Hefner, and after one week, citing office problems that demanded his immediate attention, the restless publisher prepared for his protracted departure while convincing Karen to remain with his friends for another week.

On the way to the airport, sitting close to him in the back of the car, Karen wondered aloud when they would meet together. After he had offered a vague response she pressed him to be specific, wanting to know approximately how long his business would take and when she might count on seeing him again. But he remained stub-

borally unaccountant and distant—at least as if he were studying the air, miles away, out of range. And as she walked with him arm in arm through the crowded terminal and out toward the gliding runway where the Playboy plane was waiting, she felt her anxiety rising, and before she knew it, saying him good-bye, she tried one more time to elicit from him a direct answer to her urgent question—at which point, suddenly and furiously, he took the hard leather attache case that he was carrying and buried it high in the air toward his plane. As the case bounced heavily on the ground and skidded forward several feet, Hefner batted forward in like a

crumpled clothes, a mechanical robot, and when he reached it, he jumped on top of it with both feet, stamping up and down many times. While his pilots observed with amusement and groups of sustained air-buffet-sounding also stopped to watch the pettish Klaus Karmä run toward him, but before she reached him, he had miraculously calmed down, his occupation outward having exhausted itself within a few seconds. As he stepped down from his case, he seemed neither embarrassed nor even fully aware of what he had done. And after he had retrieved his somewhat battered valise, he proceeded without delay up the metal staircase into the cabin of his plane.

Later that night he telephoned her at the hotel, and he was sorry if he had frightened her, told her that everything was fine, and promised that he would notify her as soon as he had resolved the problem. He was confronting in a telephone conversation days later, after Karmä had expressed a wish to visit her relatives in Texas, he suggested that he use the offer to fly the Playboy plane from Los Angeles to Dallas at the conclusion of her visit and accompany her back to Chicago. This was a grand gesture on his part—the trip from Los Angeles to Chicago via Dallas was the only direct route that he preferred to travel, and he also said that he would be happy to meet her uncle, aunt, and her other relatives who would be with her at the Dallas airport.

True to his word, the black DC-7, with the white bowtie emblem painted on its tail, landed in the new Dallas/Fort Worth airport, and as the presidential plane came slowly to a halt in front of the observation deck of the white

BY 1978, IT WAS CLEAR THAT CHRISTIE, HIS DAUGHTER, HAD BECOME THE MOST IMPORTANT WOMAN IN HUGH HEFNER'S LIFE. HE KNEW IT TOO.

house that overlooked the field.

The plane was so sleek and black, was the only jet yet to be painted black, which was exactly why Hefner had chosen that color, and as the plane's steps were lowered, and the cabin door swung open, the Hefners stood prominently alone on the top step, his hair and silk shirt moving in the breeze, his intense dark eyes focused on the mass of silent faces staring down at him from behind the massive pane of glass. He had not been in the state of Texas in nearly thirty years. When he had first visited Texas, in the summer of 1944, he had arrived on a troop train headed for Camp Hood—a skinny, eighteen-year-old, recent high school graduate who had been sent by his class the third most likely to succeed. Now, at fifty-seven, he had returned to lay claim to one of Texas's most conservative counties, to greet her relatives, and, with no intention toward marriage, to convey her back to Chicago, an act that in an earlier time would have surely aroused the anger of her kindred and provoked the scorn of neighbors.

Walking toward the terminal, with his guards a few paces behind, Hefner spotted Karmä waving at him from the top of the ramp, smiling from under her straw hat. Wearing slacks, a slim skirt, and a T-shirt that left little to the imagination, Karmä edged through the crowd to greet him and to introduce him to the relatives with whom she had stayed in a cabin on Eagle Mountain Lake. There were her aunt and uncle, her three cousins, her two goddaughters, several stepdaughters, waiting, her twenty-year-old sister, Bonnie, who was carrying a young one-year-old boy, and Bonnie's husband, an Air Force sergeant on leave from his base in Tokyo.

Removing his pipe, Hefner shook hands with them, smiled, and engaged them in conversation, and when a photographer came over, Hefner agreed to pose with the group. Meanwhile, his friends from the plane—most wearing gold medallions and cross-necked chains, jet buttons in shiny black skintight uniforms, and a place-hatted centerfold model carrying a goodie—but dropped onto the runway, assuming restless, and were looking up at the crowd, and Hefner, concluding his chat with Karmä's relatives, took her arm and headed back toward the plane.

The crowd, not moving, continued to watch as the engines started, and they were still waiting when the black airplane had become a distant object in the sky.

Karmä was slow in making her way to the rooming house. When Hefner was there, his many hours of meetings so preoccupied him that an uncharacteristic air of forbearance and even gloom pervaded the Chicago household. Karmä had been told by one of the jet buttons that, on the day before, his plane had landed in Dallas. Hefner had spent the night at his Los Angeles bed (while Barbs Benton was out of town on a singing assignment) with the centerfold model who had ridden with the plane, and she knew, and though Karmä was not to value in ever to expect Hefner's sexual fidelity to extend much more than a week, she was no longer willing to abide by his expectations that the woman involved with other men. There was a young man in Dallas that she knew and had even dated secretly. She was sure there were other men, too, that she would enjoy meeting. And so with much emotion, she met her father's friend, Nancy Hefner, Klaus Christy decided at last that she would seek her steps and, without a word to Hefner, permanently leave the mansion.

The problem of getting her things out of the mansion garden was not insurmountable, but she eventually devised a plan that enabled her to send her possessions to Dallas without alerting anyone in the house who might report it to Hefner: Explaining to the maids and butlers that she was sending her summer clothes to her roomier relatives in Texas, she packed in cardboard boxes, little by little, her furs, her jewels, and her vast wardrobe of dresses and negligees that Hefner had given her. After mailing more than thirty



A recent photograph of daughter, Christie, and Hefner.

boxes during a two-week period to her home in Dallas, Karmä Christy managed to get her wife Lincolns into the hands of a former Bunny whom she knew the good turn, and, on a day when Hefner was in Los Angeles, she used a chauffeur (known to go shopping at one of her favorite boutiques on Rush Street).

While the chauffeur and a security guard sat waiting in the car, Karmä entered the shop and, with the help of a saleslady she knew, was able to exit through a rear door to a parking street, where she hailed a taxicab that took her to the place where her car and two girl friends were waiting. One of them, Nancy Hefner, was there to help with the long drive to Dallas—a trip that they would accomplish in western houses, using Des Moines to stay awake. Along the way, many miles from Chicago, Karmä passed to use a roadside phone to say good-bye to Bonnie Aronson and to explain that she simply could not stay at the mansion any longer.

After Bonnie Aronson had relayed the message to Hefner in Los Angeles, he became agitated and furious, and for the next week he telephoned Karmä repeatedly and tried to convince her to return. But while she wanted to maintain her friendship and agreed to visit him from time to time in Los Angeles,

she told him she would never go back to Chicago. She had just gotten a small apartment in Dallas, had been hired as a model by a local agency, and was dating a young executive with a computer firm whom she had met previously in Dallas. While she continued to drive her white Lincoln, she had no use for her furs and expensive jewelry. Around her neck she was soon wearing a gold chain given her by her new boyfriend, and suspended from it was a 14-karat price tag on which was printed "Sold."

In March of 1976, Hefner and his return invited to New York to attend the gala opening of the renovated Playboy Club there. The renovated club on Fifty-ninth Street off Fifth Avenue was complimented on its appearance, its superb cuisine and entertainment, and dozens of photographers wandered through the crowd and dancers floor taking pictures of everyone from Howard Cosell to Lenny Bruce's mother. While Hefner in his new white suit and Barbs Benton in her long black gown served as the host and hostess, much more attention and courtesy seemed to be directed toward the smiling young woman who stood at Hefner's side, smiling with alert dark eyes that matched his own—she was his twenty-three-year-

old daughter, Christie, and, in a sense, this night in New York was her coming-out party.

Brought into the organization as a junior associate in 1975, a year after she had graduated seven years out of the University of California at Berkeley, Christie Hefner had already demonstrated to many skeptical Playboy editors in Chicago an acute mind and mature disposition, an ability and desire to learn without ever expecting or wanting special treatment as the boss's daughter.

Although special treatment was avoidable within the Playboy Building—particularly after her father had publicly stated that she might one day take over as head of the organization—Christie's tact and sensitivity made the best of a situation that could have easily caused resentment, and by the time of the New York opening, she had already earned the goodwill and respect of nearly all of her father's associates.

Beginning with the interviews she gave in New York and the subsequent ones in other cities around the nation, Christie Hefner diverted the press from its coverage of her father's affairs to the personal story of herself and her sudden rise to the position that *Cosmopolitan* called "The Apprentice." Described by writer Judy Kleinman

as having the "holisticness, well-sounded love of a Big Ten champion" who grew up to become a *Brick girl*." Christie was clearly the type that would appeal to her father, and, by her own admission, they shared a mutual attraction that was far more romantic than familial.

During most of her girlhood, her father had been a virtual stranger, a kind of remote uncle living in mysterious and opulent anonymity that she found both alluring and confusing. He had moved out of the family apartment when Christie was two, and, following her mother's remarriage in 1960, this eight-year-old Christie and her younger brother of five took the summer of their stepfather's and she resided quietly, if not happily, in the North Shore community of Wilmette.

After Christie had entered high school, she occasionally was allowed to visit her father at the mansion, there to sit in reverent silence at his extraordinary toys and wonders, but it was not until her college years that she and her father were able to communicate in a personal way and to recognize and appreciate the traits and qualities that they had in common. As a law lover, she had a quick mind and a high IQ, a strong ego and a drive to succeed, and a commitment to individualism and sexual freedom.

During her freshman year at Brandeis, she began living in an apartment with a male student; she had met on the campus, and while her mother was initially not pleased when Christie brought the young man home during a holiday and shared with him the same bed, her father, who always approved of the relationship after he had met Christie's friend, and he preferred to believe that his daughter's happy private life had contributed to her success as a student and to her eventual election in June of 1975 to Phi Beta Kappa.

For this reason, Christie insisted that her surname on the honorary scroll be printed as "Hefner," a decision that pleased her mother immensely, and after she had graduated in 1974 from Brandeis and had spent a year in Boston as a freelance writer—while her boyfriend went on to law school at Georgetown University—she accepted her father's offer to return to Chicago and work in the Playboy Building as his special assistant. During her last year on the job, she periodically visited the company's paper mill and printing plant, its casinos and clubs, attended business meetings and banquets—always with the same air of detachment—and the individuals who headed the various departments. She also attended office parties and conventions and, like her father, she did not adhere to

the adage that discouraged sexual activity among office acquaintances. One of the men with whom Christie became temporarily involved, with her father's full knowledge and heated enthusiasm, was a senior officer in the company's male nude corporate responsibility program. Hefner had more confidence in his daughter's capacity to handle the situation than he did the older man, and when the affair finally ended amicably, and with no resultant signs of corporate disunity or bruised egos, Hugh Hefner was relieved. On her part, Christie Hefner did not hesitate to tell her father what she thought of his young women friends, and while she was never harsh in her opinions, being aware of her own lack of objectivity in this area, she believed that some of his lovers were really as important in his life as he liked to think—and none, in her view, came close to possessing the intelligence and substance of the lady who had once been his wife.

Christie's reason with her father in no way detracted from her close ties to her mother. Mildred, whom she continued to telephone almost daily and to visit nearly each week not out of a sense of obligation but affection, and though she knew that it was highly unlikely, even after her mother's divorce in 1971 from her second husband, that her parents would marry—one reason being that her mother was now deeply involved in a three-year romance and sharing her home with her charming hardware twelve years younger—Christie did succeed in strengthening the bonds of friendship between her estranged parents. At Christie's suggestion and enticement, a number of Hefner family reunions were held during the mid-1970s, bringing under one roof her parents with their young sons, her divorced uncle Keith from Aspen, usually accompanied by one of his apricot-haired, her colleague brother, David, as a special photographer who retained the services of his former stepfather, her own male companion, invariably an older man, and her white-haired conservative grandparents, Grace and Glenn Hefner, who seemed to enjoy the reunion while privately believing in the superior wisdom of their ways. The elder Hefners made no secret of the fact that their lifetime's experience with sex had been strictly limited to one another, and after more than fifty years of marriage, they said they had no regrets. Although Glenn Hefner had become a millionaire through investing in his son's stock and had for years helped to make the corporation's books, he claimed that he had never once in his life looked at a nude photo-

graph in *Playboy*. The only magazines he enjoyed, he asserted, were *Avenue* and *Business Week*.



In December of 1978, *Playboy* magazine celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary in publishing, and during the next several weeks—in Chicago, in Los Angeles, and in New York—there was a series of parties and dinners, disco dances and banquets, and other extravaganzas costing the company more than \$1 million, all of which were organized under the supervision of Christie, who clearly was now the most important woman in Hugh Hefner's life. Burt Benton was still a friend, but, at twenty-eight, she felt she was stagnating in his backland and decided to live full time in her Beverly Hills apartment and to share other men. Karen Christy, who after returning to Texas had visited Hefner in Los Angeles in 1976 and 1977, had recently written him a note telling him that she had just married, as Philip, the Baltimore Colts linebacker Ed Stinson. Hefner's former wife, Mildred, also decided to get married; while Hugh Hefner, at fifty-two, courted his former chameleon, Sondra Theodore, *Playboy*'s twenty-two-year-old Miss July, who was a blonde blond of Burt Benton and Karen Christy and other girls and who increasingly aged and changed in real life but never in Hefner's mind.

In the 400-page anniversary edition that contained photographs of every playmate in the magazine's history, Hugh Hefner in the publisher's page editorial declared: "When I conceived this magazine a quarter of a century ago, I had no notion that it would become one of the most important, interesting, influential and yet controversial publishing ventures of our time. *Playboy* was intended as a response to the negative attitudes, anxieties and pleasures aspects of our puritan heritage. Big dreams for a young man only recently graduated from college, who quit his \$40-a-week job as a transcription copy writer for Esquire when refused a request for a five-dollar raise."

On January 11, 1978, at the anniversary finale before hundreds of guests gathered at the Tavern on the Green restaurant, in New York's Central Park, one of the speakers, a representative of *Esquire*, stood up and presented Hugh Hefner with a blow-up replica of a \$5 bill in recognition of the raise that had been so adamantly denied him decades ago.



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Put a Fresh Coat On Winter

Take your pick of styles classic or bold in fine weather-bearing materials

FASHION BY DAVID EPSTEIN

WE CAN'T MAKE THE WINTER months go away, but we can help you to enjoy them. The coats we're showing on these pages can take you through all phases of the winter season. And we're providing tips on choosing and caring for your coat so that it will not only make it to winter's finish line but keep you warm and dry for years to come.

LEATHER "Only twenty-five years ago, people still thought of leather as simply cowhide," says Mori Braunman, executive director of the National Outwear and Sportswear Association. "Its current demand as a fabric for coats is due to recent developments in tanning methods that have made leather softer, richer looking, and just plain better to wear."

What to look for: Believe it or not, one reliable way to recognize a good leather coat is to look for imperfections—and to find them. Even highly regarded leathers such as lamb skin and ginskin have flaws, which look like crease marks or scuffs. "A reputable manufacturer will discreetly 'hide' flaws under the sleeves and collar and in the coat's lining. Check for them," says Ted Chumey, of Baudé Carré, a Long Island-based cleaner that specializes in suede and leather. If you don't find any, you may be getting a fake steer. In the last few years, enterprising leather manufacturers have developed processing techniques to turn low-grade exotic leather into hides that seem to have the gloss and suppleness of high-grade sheep leather. The process is called platforming, and even though it makes the leather look great at first, in a year or so your leather coat may start chipping, cracking, and peel—and not in discreet places.

HOW TO CARE FOR LEATHER: A coat of smooth leather can be spot cleaned with a damp cloth, mild soap, and warm water. Never use any kind of polish, saddle soap, or shoe-the-counter cleaning fluid. They may be fine for boot leathers, but they can make a discolored stain called map marks in garment leathers.

It's best to have your leather coat cleaned professionally. But go only to



LEAHER IS MEANT to be worn. This coat will mold itself to you. The more wear leather gets, the greater it looks. It develops like a man's character.

—JANIS PORTER, SHOWSMAN FOR AND OUR IMPORTERS OF LEATHER GOODS

THIS CRASPLE-STYLE leather trench coat has military-inspired trim. We think its futuristic look rules up where AlphaMale left off. Show us here in droop dark brown, by Regard-Or, \$850. Sew by Linda Wendland for Jule's Artisans' Gallery.

Photographs by Barry Lagan



THERE'S NOTHING quite as warm as a good fur coat. It conveys a sense of stylish luxury that men relate to—from Chicago to California.

—JIM TOPPE, VICEPRESIDENT OF THE TOPPE COLLECTION

COYOTES ARE NOT an endangered species, so enjoy this fur coat created by Ralph Lauren for The Toppe Collection. About \$8,000. Sweater, Mynors. Sew by Linda Wendland for Jule's Artisans' Gallery. Fur by Goldfider for Anson.

a cleaner who is experienced in cleaning leather and who will use a petroleum-type solvent. A neoprene may use a degreasing solvent, which will rob the leather of the natural oils that make it so supple in the first place.

WHEN TO STORE IT: During the summer months, keep your leather coat in a cloth bag—not a plastic bag—on a well-ventilated closet. If the environment is too humid, leather may mildew.

WHEN TO WEAR IT: A good leather coat will keep you warm enough for almost any winter day. However, don't wear your leather coat often in wet, damp weather or you will run the risk of drying out its oils.

BEING COMFORTABLE AND ENJOYING FUR, especially if you're a man and buying your first fur, may mean getting used to the idea of fat, says Jeff Chernak, executive vice-president of the Fur Information and Education Council. On the other hand, Fred Gullies, of Gullies-Pedersen furs, feels that men have already got over their qualms about donning a lush fur.

"We are getting braver," he says. "Wheat is a good food. The sign of a good fur is a thick, silky texture and pelts that are uniformly colored. Once you've established that, the next step is to check out the workmanship. Ask your furrier if the coat's skins have been 'fully let out.' That's industry jargon for sewing together coat pelts so that they run vertically from the top of the coat to the bottom. To check it out yourself, lift up the coat's lining and look at the pelts. They should be stretched together in neat, vertical rows. A fully let-out coat means higher quality, usually a better fit, and definitely a more expensive price tag. If you plan on long-term use—a minko coat, for instance, can last up to twenty years, others, even longer—that is the route to go. Let-out furs are the least susceptible to rips and tears and the most versatile in that they are easy to take apart and remodel into a newly styled coat.

HOW TO CARE FOR FUR: Although fur must be handled carefully, you don't have to baby it. Just remember to hang your fur on a sturdy coat hanger and give it enough room in the closet so it doesn't get crushed.

If your fur gets wet, give it a good shake and hang it up to dry—away from the heat. When it's dry, give it another good shake and it should look terrific again. It's not wise to take brush or comb to your fur coat. Brushing can pull out hairs and weaken or rip some.

As long as you've decided to invest in fur, there's no sense in dropping it off at the local dry cleaner's. Take it to a professional fur specialist. According to Kenneth Wagner, of Wagner Fur

International Collection. "A professional cleaning keeps a fur looking never longer. By all means, a visit should have his fur properly cleaned and laundered each year. He'll look as if he has a brand-new coat."

WHERE TO STORE IT: Home storage really isn't adequate to protect your fur during the warm season, especially if you want it to look like new for years. Storage vaults with temperature and humidity controls are available most everywhere. Seriously consider using one. If you opt for home storage, you should keep your fur in a dark, cool place. Exposure to light can cause your fur to change color.

WHEN TO WEAR IT: Like leather, fur dries out if it is regularly exposed to rain or dampness. Otherwise, it's a perfect warm-up in every climate, from fall to spring. Strictly from a fashion standpoint, weather seems to have no bearing on when and where fur is worn. "Southern California is our largest market," says Fred Goldin. "It's a matter of pride of ownership."

WOOL Wool has been a staple in proper British wardrobes partly because of its status as good looks but also because in a cool, damp climate, it can't be surpassed for its so-soon-as ability to keep you warm and dry. In fact, for easy care and durability, it's hard to go wrong with pure wool.

WHAT TO LOOK FOR: In the case of wool, the answer is pure and simple: the label. Ever since the Wool Protection Labeling Act of 1939, garments made from wool have had to bear a label telling you the wool content. Pure wool isn't only looks best, it feels soft and drapes well.

HOW TO CARE FOR WOOL: Treat your wool coat kindly and its life expectancy will be long. A healthy habit to get into is brushing your wool coat after each wearing before hanging it away. A soft brush will do a fine job of removing dirt and dust. If you get mud on your coat, by the way, let the mud dry before brushing it.

Dry-dress your wool coat periodically. Even though you don't see them, dirt particles embed themselves into the fibers, weakening the fabric. As with leather and fur coats, a wet wool coat should be hung up to dry, away from direct heat. If exposed to heat, a wet wool coat tends to turn brittle.

WHERE TO STORE IT: Before you pack away your wool coat, make sure it is spotless. After cleaning, store your coat in a garment bag containing mothballs, or—if you are the type of person who makes obsolete garments—choose the sealed protection of a cedar closet.

WHEN TO WEAR IT: Wool is a great for a damp winter. While other fabrics must be protected from too much ex-



W OOL DRAPES

better than synthetics do. It has a warmth, richness, and texture that other fabrics cannot offer. Also, its colors are more subtle.

—BILL KATHRISMAN, OWNER AND DESIGNER OF RAFAEL FASHIONS

THIS LAUREL WOOL and elegant topcoat is a sure choice to be worn year in and year out. About \$500, from Bill Kathrisman/Rafael, Skirt and Tie: Bill Kathrisman/Rafael. Scarf: Paul Stuart. Watch: Audemars Piguet or Patek & Company.



A CTUALLY, THE

coat's design is quite nostalgic. It's almost like a security blanket from childhood. However, it is futuristic in feeling as well.

—NORMA KAMALI, DESIGNER BEHIND THE OMO-NORMA LABEL

THE SHELL is nylon; the lining is Polylift II, a dacron polyester, so this coat is dry and buoyant as it wears as it looks. Like a sleeping bag, it can be rolled up tight for packing. OMO-Norma Kamali, \$350. Sweater: OMO-Norma Kamali.

posure to dampness, wool almost dries on its own. "Wool is the only fiber that absorbs up to thirty percent of its weight in moisture without feeling wet," says Roy Erdmann, of The Wool Bureau.

DOWN For something as unobtrusively casual as goats and duck feathers, down is a (surprisingly warm—warm enough, in fact, to help you weather a winter in Siberia. Its synthetic cousin, fiberfill, is somewhat heavier and not quite as warm, but it has its advantages. "Synthetic fibers still keep you warm when they get wet," says Jack Kraus, of Eastern Mountain Sports. "Down isn't. Synthetic fibers are also less expensive, but the material doesn't compact as well."

WEAR TO LOOK FOR: Both fillings come in varying thicknesses called lofts. The general rule is, the thicker the loft, the warmer the coat. Exactly how much loft you need depends on how cold it is where you live and what you do in your coat—whether you walk five minutes from your car to the office or spend two days wandering through the mountains. The question of loft is best taken up with an informed salesperson.

However, you should always do a surface check before buying any down coat. If there's a light, fuzzy film covering the coat, it's falling down—and you don't want it.

Whether you're looking at down or fiberfill, always check the coat's stitching closely. It should be even, with no loose threads, or you'll soon be losing the stuffing.

HOW TO CARE FOR DOWN AND FIBERFILL: Some coats made of down or fiberfill can be machine washed and then tumble dried at low-to-normal temperatures. To dry a down garment—put ready—experts suggest putting a tennis shoe in the dryer with it. According to the Feather and Down Association, down will actually improve in its bulk with each laundering. Some down or fiberfill coats can be dry-cleaned, and these are clearly labeled as by the manufacturer.

WEAR TO STORE IT: You can roll your down or fiberfill coat into a tight, small space for traveling or backpacking. With a light fluffing, the loft will return and the coat will be as good as new. But a down or fiberfill coat should never be packed tightly for long-term storage. When you put it away for the summer, stuff your coat gently and loosely into a large pillowcase or another cloth bag.

WHEN TO WEAR IT: Down or fiberfill in varying lofts can keep youasty from the first autumn chill all the way through spring. The problem arises when the weather is wet as well as cold. Most coverings for down or fiberfill coats are water-resistant but



W

HAT WE'VE
created is the classic English look, but it has
been made by bonding together two
lightweight sheets of cotton and rubber.

—BOB MEYER, CO. GARNER, STEPHEN BOON, TONYE FRANK, BOSTON, MA

THE NEW DIRECTION taken by this raincoat is not in its style but in its ultralightweight material—rubberized cotton poplin. Design by Stewart Ross. Shown here double-breasted, \$200. Available single-breasted, \$170. Stewart Ross

not water-repellent. Fiberfill, made from hydrophobic (nonabsorbent) synthetics, holds its own when wet—and continues to keep you warm. Down, on the other hand, does not.

RUBBERIZED FABRIC: What a s... would be new and exciting to raincoats, you ask? A raincoat is a raincoat, right? Obviously, you've got to discover "rubberization," a process that has rendered some raincoats almost lighter than air. A thin sheet of rubber—or sometimes a synthetic such as eoprene or urethane—is sprayed onto the cloth before it is cut. (The rubberized side ends up on the inside of the coat.) If the garment is cotton canvas, you'll have a slightly heavyweight coat on your back; but if it's silk or cotton poplin, you're in for the pleasure of owning one of the lightest and most practical coats on the market today. Rubberization means protection from even the fiercest downpour.

WHAT TO LOOK FOR: After choosing the material and the style of rubberized raincoat that suit your taste, give the coat a good once-over for two important points. First, make sure that its seams are sealed. All of them. If they aren't, your coat will leak during its first outing in heavy weather—accidental breakthroughs, aside.

Second, do yourself another big favor and make sure that rainwear on the coat, there are reinforced venting holes. Usually they can be found—thankfully—under the arms. Rubberized fabric doesn't let the rain in, but it also doesn't let your body heat out.

HOW TO CARE FOR A RUBBERIZED FABRIC: According to Norman Gelliste, of the International Fiberscience Research Center, your coat can be spot cleaned with a sponge, mild soap, and warm water. "But wash it in a machine too," he says. "Unless it's a silk coat, it can go through the gentiest cycle in a washing machine, with lukewarm water. It may require a few spin-dry cycles, since the fabric is made to repel water."

Afterward, the coat can simply be hung up to dry, or, Gelliste says, you can put it through the dryer on the lowest temperature setting.

WHERE TO STORE IT: The best place is somewhere that isn't exposed to very bright light or to heat. Cool, dry conditions are best—which means no attic or basement storage.

WHEN TO WEAR IT: Anything at all, as the Beatles used to say. But the ultimate advantage of this coat is its ability to let you travel in style. It is simple to carry and easy to pack. It is so light that it takes up as much space as a necktie in a dress shirt. On arrival at your destination, you just shake it out, and voilà, it's ready to wear. ☺

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Real's new golden leaf tobacco blend does it.
Tastes richer...mellower...more satisfying.
A taste that's pure gold.

The smoking man's low tar

THE SPIRITUAL ELECTRICITY OF JESSE JACKSON

Is it enough to be the blacks' most visible headline catcher? Jackson doesn't think so. The self-crowned heir to Martin Luther King Jr. wants to be a moral leader—the moral leader—for all of America

BY ROBERT FRIEDMAN

I don't want y'all taking these hints and stealing government property now," the Reverend Jesse Jackson says with mock admonishment as he autographs the starched white uniforms of two black women in the cafeteria of the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare.

"No, Reverend," they giggle, their backs turned suppliantly toward him. "we wouldn't do a thing like that."

Getting a piece of Jesse Jackson—on paper, on film, or on the back of one's uniform—is a high-priority item at HEW this morning. Even if it means breaking a few rules. When the thirty-eight-year-old president of Operation PUSH (People United to Save Humanity) showed up for an eight o'clock meeting with the head of the Office for Civil Rights, news of his arrival was telegraphed through the building faster than he could walk. Young black secretaries abandoned their government typewriters and rushed into the corridors flailing their instruments. White bureaucrats detached themselves from their desks long enough to have a look at the man whose oratory motivates black students to have blossomed with more than a million dollars in HEW funds. Even the cashier in the cafeteria seemed mesmerized. She gave Jackson too much change when he paid for an egg sandwich with a \$10 bill.

"I would've given him everything in the register," she murmured after he left. "All he had to do was ask."

But Jackson didn't need to ask. Times had changed since that day in 1968 when he had refused to pay for a meal at another government cafeteria.

Robert Friedman, a New Yorker, wrote about Zig Zygler in the September issue

Martin Luther King Jr. had just been assassinated. The Poor Peoples' March on Washington was bogged down in the mud in Potomac Park. Jackson, the unofficial "mayor" of Restoration City and the director of Operation Breadbasket, the economic arm of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, led a group of demonstrators to the Department of Agriculture. He ran up a lunch bill of \$292.66, then left without paying, claiming the amount was just a token of what he owed the poor.

Today, Jackson pays for his own breakfast. He wears a three-piece navy-blue suit instead of blue jeans. He is no longer an intruder but an honored guest. He still believes the government owes the poor a debt, but, in his eyes at least, it has begun to pay back. Eleven years after affixing the government for a few hundred dollars, Jesse Jackson has been redeemed. Tomorrow, nobody will notice if a few uniforms are missing from the HEW cafeteria.

Spiritual electricity," Jackson says later in the day, squeezing his stock-two-inch athletic body into the backseat of a cab. The words hang in the air like neon signs. "Genuine charisma is spiritual electricity."

The taxi swings past the White House, drenched this hot June afternoon by a charisma brownest, and heads toward Capitol Hill, where Jackson has appointments with senators Edward Kennedy, Howard Baker, and Robert Dole. The quagmire of current presidential politics is flowing through Washington again, and Jackson, one of the most outstanding black leaders in the country, is keeping his thoughts open. "No matter who's in the White House," he's fond of saying,



The president of Operation PUSH, not far from his headquarters on the South Side of Chicago, once it was a work shirt and jeans for Reverend Jackson, now it's a well-cut leisure suit.



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"I don't want to be in the outdoors," the chairman has feebly mumbled. Also on the seat behind him, and close to his eyes. There is not much time for sleep these days, so he takes it when he can, recharging his batteries by dozing off in cars and airplanes. Over lunch at Trader Vic's, he has been asked "just many politicians can compete with me in the public marketplace?" Now, as he begins to doze, I ask him if he thinks Kennedy has charisma.

"No," Jackson says softly, shaking his large head from side to side without opening his eyes. "Kennedy has empathy. He has a powerful image. But he doesn't have charisma." King had it. He could just walk into a building and you could feel it. Adam Clayton Powell had it. You can't earn it. You can't learn it. But if you get it, it can't be taken away... except by God. It's a gift of grace."

Jesse Jackson has it. I had felt it that morning, the summer he walked into the NEW building. I had seen it the day before at Waspate High School's commencement in Brooklyn, when Jackson shouted, "I am somebody," and 450 swished-on black seniors in velvet gowns and white neckties shouted back in unison, "I am somebody." I would see it again two weeks later in Cleveland, at Operation PUSH's national convention, when Jackson departed from the prepared text of his keynote address ("The new media, y'all don't have this page," he laughed) and electrified his audience with a revealing sermon that brought cries of "Amen" and "Tell it like it is, Jesse."

"Charisma is not a word Jackson likes to use to describe himself. He has complained that it rubs him of his conscience. "He who defines you," he says, "defines you." Nor is it a word I like to use to describe Jackson, because it rubs him of my unconsciousness. Nearly every other reporter who has written about him since he was a protégé of Martin Luther King's in the mid-1960s—and probably more has been written about Jackson than any other black leader since King—has called him charismatic. But whether you accept Jackson's own "spiritual electricity" definition or German sociologist Max Weber's equation that "to be a charismatic leader is essentially to be perceived as such," Jesse Jackson has charisma.

Like electricity, however, charisma can be either positive or negative. The word has been used to describe demagogues as well as saints, heists as well as prophets. To say that Jackson is charismatic is either to define an act to confirm—merely to confirm. And, depending on who is filling in the details, he can be made to appear a messiah or an impostor. He has been por-

trayed alternately as a "black Moses," leading his people to a promised land, and as "the great behind him, and close to his eyes," crowning himself but to the scorned civil rights leader. One writer dubbed him "Booker T. Washington is hell bottom" for dressing up a conservative message in baggy clothes, and a Chicago columnist nicknamed him Jesse Jackson for always being on the move but never making any headway in his own words, he is just "the country preacher," fighting against his own blackness.

But none of these epithets captures the complexity of a man born out of wedlock in Greenville, South Carolina, and reared under a system of strict segregation, a man who mastered the art of brooding and ranting as a quarterback at predominantly black North Carolina Agricultural and Technical College and who has been eluding definition ever since. His ability to please both conservatives and radicals, his frequent, unconvincing, and his refusal to sit still for very long make it almost impossible to pin him down. Like alternating current, Jesse Jackson seems to generate power by constant direction.

Black leaders used to be measured by how many marches they led," Barbara Reynolds, a black reporter for the Chicago Tribune, told me before I set out to spend some time with Jackson. (Reynolds, who covered the Chicago-based civil rights leader for many years, wrote a candid biography in 1975 entitled *Jesse Jackson: The Man, The Movement, The Myth*.) Today, she said, "leaders are judged by how much media attention they get. It's not a movement anymore, it's a business. It's Civil Rights Inc."

The civil rights movement, while it never got turned a profit, has indeed taken on a more corporate style. Its most visible spokesman, like the National Urban League's Vernon Jordan and the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People's Benjamin Hooks, now more at home in the boardrooms and television studios of white America than on the streets of Chicago's West Side or the back roads of Mississippi. The leaders of the 1960s who considered themselves followed by marching through the nation's conscience have nearly faded by the wayside. Prophets, like King and Malcolm X, were silenced. Ministers, like Huey Newton, Stokely Carmichael, and H. Rap Brown, disappeared. A few black leaders who have survived as leaders, like Jesse Jackson, did so by incorporating within themselves the changing goals of the civil rights movement.

The stark social confrontations of

"King had charisma," says Jackson. "He could just walk into a building and you could feel it."



In Memphis before King was shot: Moses Williams, Jackson, King, Ralph Abernathy.

the 1960s—the sit-ins, freedom rides, and voter registration drives, in which the battle lines between right and wrong were clearly drawn—have given way to the more complex economic struggles. "The issue is no longer money vs. where we were going. It's now," as Jackson puts it, "the issue now is moving up."

As the background to race relations has shifted from the moral to the economic, a new class of managers—Jewells, Ford Russos, and media tacticians—has ascended to positions of leadership in the black community. But these changes at the top have not been matched, by and large, at the bottom. While many of the leaders have all the right connections, many are disconnected from their potential followers. The absence of a Martin Luther King, of a man with a vision and a moral agenda, has slowed the civil rights movement to a crawl. If the movement is now a business, as disillusioned blacks like Barbara Reynolds maintain, it is operating without a charmer of the bond.

Judged by metrics of Rayfield's standards of leadership—access to money and names—Jesse Jackson has not only survived the passage from the stormy 1960s, he has thrived. Wherever he goes—and he is nearly always on the go, meeting more than 300,000 a year—television cameras appear and shockwaves open. Not since the days of Booker T. Washington have waves of all political persuasions, from the conservative Republicans to the radical Black Panthers, showered so much praise on a black leader. Ten years ago, that night he doomed Jackson. "For a white man to embrace you," he told an interviewer

Jesse Jackson has not only survived the passage from the stormy 1960s, he has thrived.



In 1968, Jackson took demonstrators to a government cafeteria and refused to pay.

in 1969, "is for a black man to hold you suspect."

But yesterday's enemies have become today's allies. In the past year alone, Operation PUSH has received almost two million dollars from government agencies and foundations. HEW gave Jackson \$700,000 to support PUSH for Excellence (also known as PUSH-EXCEL), his self-help program for students. (The agency also made a separate grant of \$725,000 to an independent research firm for a three-year evaluation of the program's effectiveness; and, in 1978, contributed \$400,000 to get PUSH for Excellence off the ground.) The Department of Labor awarded Jackson \$500,000 to provide career training and counseling to economically disadvantaged youth. The city of Los Angeles and the state of Louisiana each appropriated several thousand dollars to finance PUSH for Excellence programs. And the Ford Foundation, the Rockefeller Foundation, Ford, and CBS all made sizeable grants.

Along with the financial prosperity has come media ubiquity. Every month, or so it seems, Jackson's name is in the headlines. In September, he accepted an invitation to meet with Yusef Arafat, president of the Palestine Liberation Organization. In August, he was at the center of a controversy between blacks and Jews over the resignation of United Nations ambassador Andrew Young. (Jackson's widely quoted statement that Young's center was a "capitalist") to pressure from Jewish leaders unleashed long-restrained tensions between the two groups. "Jews were willing to lose democracy," Jackson told *The New York Times*, "but not power." In July, he was in the international Knesset

light when he denounced the South African government as a "horrorist dictatorship" while on a tour of that country. And just some months later, he was the first black leader invited to Carter's domestic summit at Camp David. In April, he took on the media itself, attacking the Nielsen ratings as the "phonian power" behind an industry policy of "psychological genocide" against blacks. In March, he drew more than 65,000 people to a rally at the New Orleans Superdome. And in January, he nearly succeeded in persuading South African heavyweights Kallie Krasner from leaving in the United States.

But judging Jesse Jackson by the number of headlines he has grabbed or the amount of money he has pulled out of government pockets—as Barbara Reynolds had suggested during—no like trying to measure an electric current with a ruler. Whatever his critics may say about his political opportunism or his ability to manipulate the media (one former associate of Jackson's calls it the "looking glass" concept of leadership), Jackson aspires, above all, to be a moral leader—more precisely, the moral leader—not just for black America but for the entire nation. It is against that ambition that his performance should be judged.

Tuesday, June 16, the day Jackson visited HEW, began at 7:30 A.M. in the lobby of the Capital Hilton and ended some 10 hours later in the lobby of a hotel in Chicago. Perhaps because of his proximity to the nation's leaders, perhaps because he received the American Institute for Public Service's Jefferson Award that morning, Jackson spent much of the day—over meals, between appointments, and on the plane back to Chicago—talking about his being a leader.

"They never ask Carter as a white leader what he thinks," he says at one point. "They never ask George Wallace as a white leader what he thinks. But I'm always presented as a black leader speaking on black issues. Why can't I be a moral leader speaking on moral issues?"

Over the past few years, since striding what he calls a "transcendent note"—his message of salvation through self-reliance—Jackson has sought to reframe the civil rights movement with the moral quest he believes it lost in the 1960s. "In the summer of 1963," he says on his way to the Jefferson Awards ceremony at the Supreme Court, "when Martin Luther King Jr. marched on Washington, the nation was on fire. [Jackson was arrested for the first time that summer while leading a student sit-in in Greensboro, North Carolina.] The civil rights movement, the human rights

movement, must regain some of that moral authority. When we dropped the Bible and the flag and picked up the brick and the ball-peen hammer, we lost tremendous symbolic weaponry. These symbols of struggle were seized by the reactionary Right. So was the concept of self-reliance. But self-reliance did not originate with the Republicans; it's older than the Republic itself. I mean, what was Jesus saying to his people? "I'll all around and think that Rome is going to free you, you've had had now."

The Jefferson Awards ceremony provided a convenient stage and a vital antagonist for the traveling morality play in which Jackson attempts to switch the Bible and the flag from their wrongful possession. Jefferson, a Virginia slave owner who believed blacks lacked intelligence, luxury, and aesthetic sensibility, would have been confounded by the performance. That a black man was receiving an award for public service in Jefferson's name was ironic enough. But that was not the message that he held as the very building where, until twenty-five years ago, separation of the races in public schools was considered consonant with the Constitution; as an all-black chamber ensemble was playing a Mozart string quartet as the East Conference Room filled with guests, and one of the richest men in the Senate was going to present an award to the man who, in the American Institute for Public Service's opinion, had done the most to benefit the disadvantaged. To make matters even more awkward, another Jefferson Award was being given this morning to Howard Jarvis, the man who, in Jackson's opinion, had probably done more than anyone else to deprive the disadvantaged of their benefits.

Only in America—"such a wonderful land," as the actor Kirk Douglas had said in his opening remarks, quoting his migrant mother—could two men so diametrically opposed be honored on the same occasion. Could the institute's board, cynoscentrically co-chaired by Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis and former senator Robert Taft, have been aware that an icon is once called Proposition 13 a "code word for racism" or that Jarvis had responded to that charge by saying, "Jackson took his cue from someone who was dumber than he is—Senator George McGovern?"

When Republican senator John Heinz III introduced Jackson as a "moral leader for our time," the stage was set for a dramatic confrontation. Jarvis, who has just provoked the spirit of Jefferson in his own behalf ("I'd like to see with courage a minority"), sets to Jackson's right, his jaws quivering in anticipation.

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At first, as Jackson speaks, he sounds more like Jarvis's soul brother than he is. He talks about the "revolutionary spirit" of self-reliance (the same spirit behind Jarvis's tax rebellion), the "need to avoid a psychological wildfire state" (a goal Jarvis certainly shares), and a "crisis of leadership" in America (a condition both are also trying to remedy). But suddenly, just as it seems Jackson might have missed his cue, he turns on Jarvis. "Stupefied ignorance," he says, taking the vice of Jefferson's that Jarvis had quoted summarizing him as it, "is democratic tyranny." His voice reverberates off the high, gilded ceiling. "Tax rebellion without tax reform is superficial."

As a result of Jarvis's tax measure, Jackson contends, only 12 percent of the students in California who needed to attend summer school this year were able to do so. "Proposition Thirteen," he sneers, "is a threat to society." Then, having driven home his point, he withdraws and concludes with a few leading platitudes about faith that say God-fearing Americans would cheer. And cheer they did.

"I fully expected to be joined by the top-flight western element," Jackson says, standing by the bright glare of the marble pillars outside the Supreme Court, awaiting his performance. "But Jarvis stepped square in the ring and read both sides. He was representing his element, and I had to represent mine. If I had ducked the issue, it would have been a betrayal by silence. But I cut the man." He laughs and makes a quick motion with his hand, as if twisting a knife. "I cut the issue."

But if Jackson had cut the issue, he had failed to draw any blood. As deftly as he had stolen the show from Jarvis, capturing both the Bible and the flag, there was something unsatisfying about the confrontation. Was it simply that no one had bled? Or that a mild-mannered Republican had proclaimed Jackson a "moral leader for our time"? Or that Jackson's message of hard work, discipline, and self-reliance was, at bottom, a black version of the same American dream shared by Howard Jarvis?

That evening, on the plane to Chicago, I ask Jackson whether he is bothered by all the schemes he has won from him to outstep Jarvis and from other strange bedfellows. Is it possible to be a moral leader in a world where nearly everyone claims to be on your side? As he reduces to his first-class seat (Jackson almost always travels first-class), he talks about the differences between "black leaders" like himself and "people who follow in the jet stream," between politicians and dissidents.

"The politician," he says, "always plays one side or the other, but the dissident never takes any sides, he's on the higher note. The truth I represent is capable of transcending anybody. You saw what happened to the Jerns' support today. They couldn't do nothing. See, truth transcends all labels. Which is why some strange people say 'Amen.'"

Listening to Jackson talk about dialectical syntheses and transcendental truths as we climb through the clouds, I am ready to believe that the man sitting next to me has the moral power to, as he puts it, "scotch the savage beast" of racism. But then, as I look down on Gary, Indiana, I wonder whether he is up to the task. When Martin Luther King called on blacks to "walk on a dignity rather than ride in shame" during the Montgomery bus boycott, when he marched for the night to vote in Selma, when he came out against the Vietnam War, he spoke with moral authority. His voice resonated with righteousness. But Jackson's voice does not always have the same clarity. The dialectics sometimes sounds like a politician, the tribulation, like a man in the jet stream.

A leader's moral currency is quickly devalued by appearance of other righteousness or expediency. While far from being bankrupt, Jackson has allowed both to undermine his credit. As Maclure says, a black deputy school superintendent in Chicago and an Arkansas supporter of PUSH for Excellence, puts it, "Sometimes Jesse's message is unclear, sometimes it sounds like he's giving comfort to the enemy."

Jackson's on-again, off-again relationship with former Chicago mayor Richard Daley was a case in point. In 1968, after the King assassination, Jackson accused Daley of having the blood of the slain civil rights leader on his hands; three years later, he was photographed giving three vases of a soul shake at Black Expo; the following year, he engineered a dramatic coup, ousting "Pharaoh Daley" at the Democratic convention; then, after Daley's death, he presented him as "poor man's mayor." Today, the same inconsistency can be seen in Jackson's relationship with Jimmy Carter. He has attacked the President for being insensitive to blacks—as his weekly editorial column has often said, he wrote that Carter "has offended and not delivered for virtually all of his key supporters"—yet he has thus far been unwilling to take his political support elsewhere, indeed, he went so far as to praise Carter for being a "democratic leader" after meeting with him at Camp David in July.

When it comes to speaking out on international issues, Jackson is similar.

Is it possible to be a moral leader in a world where nearly everyone claims to be on your side?



In 1971, Jackson was arrested in New York after a demonstration against A.P.

ly prone to undercutting his own moral authority. Provided with an opportunity to make a strong moral statement about the need for a Palestinian homeland when Andrew Young resigned this summer, Jackson instead framed the Middle East debate in terms of political expediency. Blacks will focus if the Arabs cut off our oil supply. In a speech he gave at the University of Rhode Island's commencement in May, he called on blacks to support the SALT II agreement, but instead of basing his appeal on moral grounds, he argued that blacks would suffer disproportionately heavy losses from a Soviet missile attack on American cities and military bases.

In more recent, Jackson has managed to strike out a clear moral position—most successfully on the issue of apartheid in South Africa. But the list of inconsistencies, extracted statements, and added revisions is a long one, long enough to lead some black critics, like Chicago Tribune columnist Vernon Barrett, to call Jackson a "political opportunist."

Opportunism—placing expediency above principle, often for personal gain—is perhaps the harshest indictment one can bring against a man who aspires to moral leadership. It is, needless to say, not a charge Jackson accepts. "My judgment may not always be perfect," he says as we descend into Chicago, "but my integrity there is no substitute for a leader being trustworthy. Trust is the great link that holds the human race together. And I do not intend to betray the public trust."

Opposition to PUSH is housed in a former synagogue at Fifth Street and Duval Boulevard, on Chicago's South Side. The building is

He complains, as he had the day before, that the press is always putting him in a "black box."



With Vernon Jordan and Benjamin Mooki, Jackson comments on the Babbie deems.

located on the border line between still fashionable Hyde Park (Midwood Ave. runs past down the block) and Kew-Forest/Oakland, one of the poorest neighborhoods in the city. Over the front entrance to the temple, above eight massive columns, is a banner that says "Dr. King's Workshop." The message is reinforced inside by a painting of Jackson and King that dominates the lobby. The younger man standing in the foreground, eyebrows furrowed, looking angry, his manner, behind and above, almost rising off the canvas. On the stage of the 1,400-seat auditorium where Jackson holds weekly Saturday-morning meetings, there is another picture of the FUBI president, a four-foot-high photograph flanked by words inscribed during the building's previous incarnation "Know Before Whom Thou Standest."

Outside Jackson's office, half a dozen reporters are waiting for an 11:00 A.M. press conference to begin. The session had been arranged on short notice. Earlier that morning, while playing basketball in the backyard of his fifteen-room Romanesque-style home on Chicago's South Shore, Jackson had received word that the Supreme Court had handed down a decision in the *Wider* case upholding voluntary affirmative action programs. The button on the yellow telephone in Jackson's kitchen had begun to light up almost immediately. There were eight, of course, have to be a press conference. "One of my rules," Jackson explains later, "is to keep the movement alive by interpreting the critical news of the day, by speaking with an informed voice on behalf of poor people."

At 11:35, Jackson emerges from a back-station wagon and enters the reporters into his office. He has been de-

stressed, he apologizes, at an important meeting downtown with George Johnson, president of Johnson Products. Johnson, one of the most powerful black businessmen in Chicago—his company makes Afro-Sheen and other beauty products—is a longtime supporter of Operation PUSH. "If we didn't have a Jesse Jackson," he says, "we'd have to go out and invent one." Although the turnout for the press conference is small, that doesn't stop Jackson from turning on the charm. He knows all of the reporters by name and has a special greeting for each.

Jackson's office is modestly furnished. He sits in a high-back executive's chair behind a wraparound Formica desk. Pictures of himself, his wife, Jacqueline (his college sweetheart, whom he married in 1962), and his five children fill an otherwise empty bookcase. Near the desk is a color television set and a record player on which he often plays gospel music. On a blackboard in the corner are the words "Sermon in Power."

Serving the media is what this morning's press conference—like the hundreds that have preceded it—is all about. "I understand the media," Jackson says later in the day, "and it appears understandable me. It has a double-cut playback. It goes to people who have achieved enough legitimacy for it not to be vilifiable. And it goes to people who can tell the story in thirty seconds."

The reporters who have come looking for a good quote do not leave disappointed. Jackson has an easygoing rhetorical knack for coming up with a memorable catchphrase or a rhyming slogan for almost any occasion. It is one of the things that have endeared him to the press. (On drugs: "Don't put dope in your veins, put hope in your brains.") On boxing: "The issue is not the box, it's up." On attitude: "It's not your attitude but your attitude that determines your attitude."

The *Wider* case is no exception. While most black leaders were expressing unqualified delight at the Supreme Court's landmark ruling, Jackson correctly took a more cautious stance. The decision, he points out, upheld only voluntary programs. "The court was not taking the position that you must have affirmative action," he says. "It's simply saying that you may have."

After the press conference, Jackson is ready to confront the Chicago Board of Education. In the car going downtown, he flips through the morning papers. On the front page of the

Chicago *San-Times*, in ninety-two-point type, is this headline: JACKSON CHALLENGES BYRNE SCHOOL STAND. The story inside, an account of his press conference at HEW the previous day, begins:

The Rev. Jesse L. Jackson and a coalition of civil rights activists pledged Tuesday to march down, loudly and noisily, with Mayor Byrne across the street to a state housing project, disapproving of Chicago schools.

Although Jackson claims that reacting to what the media say about him is a "waste of time," he is clearly bothered by the headline in the *San-Times*. "They were just looking for a showdown between a black man and a white woman," he says, tossing the paper onto the seat. In light of Jackson's relatively temperate remarks about the mayor the day before, the story did seem to have played overboard. But it provoked a reaction from Jackson far in excess of what one might have expected. If he owed the media a debt for having invented in his image, he wasn't paying back.

The critical words trip off his tongue like electrons from a cathode-ray tube, the picture they form is not a pretty one. He accuses the media of perverting blacks to "four deadly sins": "Too intelligent, mean, violent, low functioning, and too universal" than they really are. He criticizes the industry's discriminatory hiring practices. "The deacons sit at most newspapers and television stations as white males with suburban, middle-class intelligibility. And he complains, as he had the day before, that the press is always putting him in a "black box," only letting him speak as a black leader.

Does it bother him then, I ask, that his own image, in the eyes of most people, is mediated through the distorting lens of a television camera? His answer, though somewhat self-righting, communicates his fundamentally ambivalent attitude toward the media. "No," he says, "most people never saw Jesus. They got the message through the Bible. Television is just another medium through which you communicate. It allows more people access to leadership in serious."

If television is Jackson's Bible, his appearance before the board of education that afternoon was a perfect opportunity to preach the Gospel. According to Jesse. As he steps off the elevator outside the board's hearing room, he is bathed in bright lights and surrounded by reporters. Once again, he is all restraint to the press, patiently answering the same questions he has been answering all morning.

Inside the packed room where the board is holding its monthly meeting, Jackson waits his turn to speak, then approaches the microphone. Six other

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When it comes to speaking out on international issues, Jackson is prone to undercutting his own moral authority.



Jackson met with Zohar Tarsi this fall and urged the U.S. to recognize the PLO.

civil rights leaders from Chicago, all members of a coalition Jackson has recently pulled together, stand behind him. As Jackson appeals to the board to end "racial polarization" in the schools, a group of women from the predominantly white Southern Side begin to heckle him. They hold up their watches to indicate that he has exceeded his two-minute time limit; they hiss every time he mentions "multicultural education"; and they shout "Speak for your own children" when he says that segregationist schools are "emotionally and psychologically damaging" for whites as well as blacks.

Jackson stands calmly at the microphone, waiting for the outbreak to subside. His moral cause is bolstered by the display of bigotry. But he is soon cut off from another corner. In Washington the day before, he had attacked superintendent of schools Joseph Harmon for advocating desegregation and had called him a "glorified George Wallace without the tobacco juice and the cunning." Now Harmon speaks.

"I am disappointed by the outstanding remarks attributed to Reverend Jackson in the press," he says. "They consist of half-truths, exaggerations, and attempted intimidation of public officials."

"The headliner," Jackson gurnes, wags the pens at a correspondent seated, "did not represent a faithful reporting of what happened at Washington."

In the car afterward, Jackson laughs about beating Harmon and cracks his broadside against the press. "You saw a clear one today of why some people might grow angry with me," he says.

Harmon was reacting out of inaccurate information. When I said to him in very calm terms, 'That's not what I said about you,' then it made his chair

boom! If it had been true, his chairman might have been in order. But it wasn't true. You understand what I'm saying?"

This time I didn't understand. I had been in Washington, too, and I had heard him say the very things about Harmon reported in the paper.

Hello. WYON "Hot Line." You're on the air."

Wesley South, host of one of Chicago's most popular black radio talk shows, passes another bottle on his console. A woman on the other end of the line wants to know why she should be for school desegregation when she doesn't want to go to school with white folks in the first place. As she talks, Jesse Jackson looks over his shoulder at the clock on the studio wall. It is 11:47 P.M. The next day is about to begin, and this one, which began nearly eighteen hours and as many interviews ago, is not yet over. He closes his eyes, massages the back of his neck, and signals that he doesn't want to respond.

I could tell Jackson was tired. This was the first time all day he had refused to answer a question. After the confrontation at the board of education, he had been interviewed on two local evening news programs, arriving at one just seconds before he was scheduled to go on the air, looking as cool as O.J. Simpson is going to Hotle ads, where he knows he's going to catch his plane every time. He had held impromptu meetings with the new general manager of WMAQ, the NBC affiliate, and with Max Robinson, ABC's Chicago-based black anchorman. He had spent an hour with the leaders of twenty Harlem groups, discussing the possibility of forming a multiracial coalition in Chicago. And he had attended a reception at the Marriott Hotel to promote an album of gospel music that had been recorded live at last year's Operation PUSH convention. At ten o'clock, after gospel singer Jackie Verdell had finished singing the line "Some black men!—this life is over," I assumed that Jackson's praise for the way he had been concluded. "You cutting out already?" he said, grabbing me by the arm. "We got a radio show to do at eleven."

It is now 11:54, and Jackson has begun to nod off. His second neck sock no longer able to support his drooping head, his Afro comes perilously close to brushing the microphone on the table in front of him. Another caller wants some information about a petition drive Jackson is organizing in behalf of Bernard Nolas, a black police official in Chicago whom Jackson has endorsed for police superintendent. As if awakened by a sixth neck sock,

Jackson signs his head back and, on cue, explains how to get copies of the petition.

"Call my office tomorrow morning. Just dial F-R-E-E-D-O-M."

Wesley South takes one last phone call.

"If God forbid, anything should happen to you," the caller says, "have any preparations been made to replace you?"

Jackson's eyes open wide.

"I'm sure there are people capable of taking my place," he says, "but I'm doing my very best not to create that situation at this time."

Across the hall from the Barcelona Suite of Cleveland's Road Court Hotel, two white policemen in darkens, their positions in their lapels, are watching television. In an adjacent room, two black men, three white jackets bulging where their guns are strapped, are playing cards. All four men are guarding Jesse Jackson, the man in the Barcelona Suite, waiting for him to make his next move.

Inside the suite, more people are waiting. Don King, the boxing impresario, is waiting to talk to Jackson about organizing a campaign against the upcoming John Dede-Deane Convention heavyweight bout that rival promoter Robert Aron is staging in South Africa. ("Aron is a sports of apartheid," King says over and over, enjoying the sound of the alliteration.) The Reverend J. Billy Kyles, the man at whose house Martin Luther King was to have eaten dinner the day he was shot, is waiting to talk to Jackson about the PUSH chapter in Memphis of which he is chairman. Two reporters from *The Plain Dealer* are waiting to ask Jackson what he thinks about the bribery trial of George Fehes, Cleveland's black city council president. ("There's a conspiracy against black politicians," Jackson later tells them.) And Major General Thomas E. Clifford, from the Pentagon, is waiting to talk to Jackson on the phone. He is one of eight high-ranking blacks in the armed services who will be honored at PUSH's "banquet dinner" in the week, and he wants to make sure Jackson is not going to say anything about the army race that might embarrass him.

"Waiting for Jesse Jackson" is the stated theme of Operation PUSH's eighth national convention. Seventy,000 of the organization's 75,000 dues-paying members, from twenty-five chapters around the country, have gathered in Cleveland to attend workshops, to socialize, to listen to addresses by HEW Secretary Joseph Califano and California governor Jerry Brown, but most of all to be inspired by Jesse Jackson.

The six-day affair is a testament to

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Perhaps, it is the unique blending of rich oil, bark, patchouly and sandalwood that creates the transcendent sensation that is Sean Cologne. Whatever the reason, we do know that the man who wears Sean has a mysterious and wonderful effect on the people who love him. He is irresistible. He has always wanted in a man's cologne. Now, it's a complete grooming system.



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His rhyming slogans, his ability to talk their language, made even the meanest, baddest students sit up and listen.



Jackson preaches the gospel of hard work and discipline to Topeka, Kansas, students.

Jackson's second mission. Only five years ago, his charismatic powers were on the wane. He had suffered physical collapse from pneumonia, complicated by the well-known trait, requiring five extended hospitalizations. His resignation, finalized in 1971, when he broke away from SCLC, was \$400,000 in debt and the target of an IRS investigation. A number of key aides had deserted him. And Black Expo, the annual black business extravaganza Jackson had been staging since 1967, was seen to be canceled for lack of support.

Indeed, PUSH's entire economic program was foundering. It had been Jackson's belief that blacks could turn their ghetto into a "ghetto-fine" by exchanging their collective economic power to buy goods produced by black-owned companies and to force concessions from whites doing business in the community. But many of the victories were short-lived. By the time the recession of 1973-74 wiped out nearly half of the black-owned businesses in Chicago, Jackson had come to realize just how vulnerable his "ghetto-fine" actually was. As he now puts it, "Our movement had lost its edge."

In search of enlightenment, Jackson went to Kansas City in late 1974 to conduct a Baptist revival. He found and prayed and asked for guidance. The sign he was looking for appeared several weeks later outside the White House on Martin Luther King's birthday, January 15, 1975. Jackson was leading a demonstration of several thousand people demanding a full-blown anti-apartheid campaign. He had come to march around the White House on a train, like Joshua at the walls of Jericho. But most of the protesters never made it. "After about the second

time around, people started dropping out," Jackson recalls, standing in his hotel room in Cleveland after most of his visitors have left. "They were physically unable to march. Some of them were tripping out on drugs. It occurred to me then that no general idea was a waste of a drunk army."

Out of this misadventure, the concept of PUSH for Excellence was born—and Jesse Jackson reborn. He decided to redirect his energies from economics to education, from the survival of business to the business of survival. He declared war on what he called an "atmosphere of moral degeneracy" in inner-city schools. His enemies: drugs, television addiction, irresponsible sexual conduct, vandalism, and decay. His weapons: self-discipline and self-reliance. His rallying cry: "I am somebody." Jesse Jackson set out to rebuild his army. He would make the streets safer again.

"We had lost a sense of self-determination," he says. "We had developed a gross dependency syndrome. No matter what the problem was, it was the system. A kid won't come to school—it's the system. A kid is on drugs—it's the system. The cynics and pessimists had seized the whole process."

Jackson took his message of hope from high school to high school. (He did his commencement address in a one-week period in Washington in the spring of 1976.) He told students to take their turn off at school and turn their television sets off at home. "There's nothing wrong with our genes," he would say. "There's something wrong with our agents. If we want to do a right thing, learning how to read and write, we're able to stay ahead a thought past like we slum dunk a basketball."

What Jackson was saying wasn't new—students had been hearing about hard work and discipline from parents, teachers, and principals ever since they were old enough to play hooky. It was how he said it that started to make a difference. His "I am somebody" thing, his rhyming slogans, his ability to talk their language, made even the meanest, baddest students sit up and listen.

At first, PUSH for Excellence was little more than Jesse Jackson riding a whirlwind. Wherever he touched down, there was excitement and hope; often, though, all he seemed to leave behind was a pile of little blue pledge cards that students were supposed to sign and carry around in their wallets. "I play the role of a catalyst, not a minister," Jackson says in response to critics who say there is still no follow-up to his performance. "I don't come to a school to renege it. If I bring inspiration and direction, it is

the job of the people who work there to develop the actual programs."

Some blacks also criticized Jackson for blaming the victim instead of the victimizer. "The system is killing half of our kids," Barbara Stansbury, a former superintendent of schools in Washington, D.C., said about PUSH for Excellence some years ago. "You just can't take the powerful side and say, 'You're at fault.'" Thomas Toolii, a former executive vice-president of PUSH and now a lawyer in Chicago, puts it this way: "The basic tenet of PUSH for Excellence is to relieve the responsibility of institutional racism and put the responsibility exclusively on the individual student and the individual parent. The program has become an ally of right-wing, white America."

Despite these few discordant notes—Jackson responded to them all by saying, "The system is not responsible for being down, but he is responsible for getting up"—PUSH for Excellence began to attract more and more attention. Pilot programs were started in ten high schools in Chicago, then in Los Angeles and Kansas City. Columnists as diverse as William Buckley and William Raspberry applauded Jackson's efforts. When *60 Minutes* broadcast a roundup about PUSH for Excellence in December 1977, Jackson received more than 3,000 letters. (Among those writing that Sunday night were Hubert Humphrey and Jesse Collins. Humphrey called Collins the next morning, and within a week, Jackson had his first government grant.)

The gospel of self-reliance has suited Jackson well. It is a message that appeals to impoverished blacks and wealthy whites, to capitalists and Communists alike. John D. Rockefeller and Mao Tse-tung were both believers, so were Henry Newton and Booker T. Washington. As Jackson put it in a speech to state education officials attending the PUSH convention: "Whether people's ideology leads them toward a conservative or liberal direction, no matter what their race or sex preference, we have had a transcendent note."

The high point of the PUSH convention came during the keynote address Jackson delivered at a luncheon the first day. The club in the hotel ballroom groined with contradictions. Among the honored guests were a prominent Cleveland diamond merchant whose guests undoubtedly originated in South Africa, a representative of Winchester's, the company at whose segregated beach resort the sit-ins of the 1960s began, and an official of the Greater Cleveland Growth Association, an organization

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"Freedom does not come from the White House; it comes from your house and my house."



Jackson, his wife, Jacqueline, and four of their five children in his Chicago office

that apparently has done little to prevent the shrinkage of the city's white population.

After short ribs and apple pie, the Reverend Otis Moss, pastor of Cleveland's Olivet International Baptist Church and vice-chairman of Operation PUSH, stepped to the lectern. "If I had the logic of a Socrates or a Plato," he said, speaking on the hyperbole, "if I had the eloquence of a Demosthenes, if I had the assiduity of a Langston Hughes, and if I had the clarity of Jesus, I could not add one iota to the statistics and grumblings and peepers of this man. Brothers and sisters, I give you our national president, Jesse Jackson."

There to the conventions of Reagan preaching in which he is steeped, Jackson began slowly. Reading from a prepared text, he recounted the organization's accomplishments over the past year and recapitulated the message he had delivered at countless forums across the country: that America is faced with a "traditional crisis"—a bankruptcy of moral leadership, a racially polarized society, and a psychological dependency syndrome. "Some of us have become numbed by this dependency syndrome," he said, his pace quickening, "that we're simply waiting for freedom to come. But freedom does not come from the big house or the White House; it comes from your house and my house." (Five days later, Nancy Carter was to borrow that line—indeed, the entire thesis of Jackson's speech—in his celebrated cross-confidence address.)

As Jackson outlined a course of action for America, his voice began to rise, and a film of sweat appeared on his forehead. He called for recognition

of the right to a Palestinian homeland, increased regulation and possible nationalization of energy corporations, further arms reductions, and selective patronage campaigns against companies that refuse to sustain affirmative action programs. "We must move back into the streets with the drums of mass marches and demonstrations," he said, punching the air with a belated-up fist.

Suddenly, as if on cue, he veered from his text and leaped into the realm of the inspirational. It was the moment all Baptist ministers serve live, and those in the audience responded in an immediate "Praise, Jesus," they yelled enthusiastically as he grabbed on to his jacket lapels and began stamping his feet.

"My name is not in this Administration," he shouted, "but in Him who made us. So, I believe we must have faith. Faith transcends all bars and barriers. This faith is a powerful thing."

He motioned his lips with his tongue and wiped the sweat from his brow. "Well, Reverend," he asked himself, "how can you be so optimistic when there are storms clouds all around? Nobody told me that the road would be easy. But my hope is to be a spiritual road map. It's the reading of the 118th Psalm and Ps. 119 over to Matthew 21 and Mark 12 and 10 and Luke 10 and 20 and 17. And I tell you this: The more that the builders reject become the cornerstone of progress. Jesus, Muhammad Ali, Martin Luther King—all voices that the leader rejected."

The words had been spoken before—by hundreds of black preachers, from hundreds of black pulpits, for hundreds of years. They had been a source of both humility and courage for generations of blacks, but they took on new magic in Jackson's mouth.

"We are the rejected stones," he said, suddenly lowering his voice and shifting into a hypnotically incantatory rhythm. "Slavery. Rejection. No rights a white man had to respect. Rejection. Lynched. Rejection. Christ gangs. Rejection. His rights to vote. Rejection. Men called boys, women called girls. Rejection. Had to put forth twice as much to get twice as little. Rejection."

His voice rose again. "But our God is a master builder. His has been for all of his voices. Can I get it wrong?" The hands went up around the ballroom, and the shouts of "Amen" reached a crescendo. "We have survived," Jackson screamed, "not as accident but as providence. See, the oppressor contained. We thought he brought us here to be his slaves, but God sent us here to save the human race."

"So hold your head high. There's a place for us, a time and a space for us. Now is the time. No turning back. We didn't bring us—He didn't bring us—he didn't bring us this far to leave us."

Like all moments of inspiration, this one couldn't last forever. Baptist preachers, according to form, start off slowly, rise high, strike fast, and set down. Before the applause subsided, before Bishop H. H. Brooks, chairman of the board of Operation PUSH, could make an appeal for money, Jackson was gone.

Moments later, having changed into a freshly pressed navy-blue safari suit, he reappeared in the hotel lobby. The audience world awaited him. There were reporters' questions to answer, pictures to pose for, hands to clasp, autographs to sign. Everyone wanted to meet Jesse Jackson—in it, by some electrical transference, they could take some of his power with them.

In late September, after this piece was written, Jesse Jackson told his quest for moral leadership in the Middle East. His mission, as he described it to me before he left, was to bring about a reconciliation between Israel and the Palestinian Liberation Organization. "I respect your view," he said, "should very well become the cornerstone of our global policy. This may be a high moment of national anger for black Americans."

But as the eyes of Israeli officials, many of whom refused to see him, Jackson was more disappointed than moved. "His aim is to be a crusader for Holocaust victims, where he said he never understood why Jews 'converted' to their religion, and to a violent camp outside Jerusalem, where he was hosted on the shoulders of Palestinians chanting 'Jackson, Amiga!' only tried to lighten their mood."

If it was some for Jackson is think he could overcome Israeli intransigence, it was foolish of him to think he could convince the PLO to lay down its guns. Although he urged Palestinian to abandon terrorism and adopt non-violence, he later noted, after meeting with Yasser Arafat in Beirut, making reputation that "Jackson [the PLO] simply to denounce several resistance in its leadership then."

That sounded more like Jesse Jackson the politician than Jesse Jackson the doer. Indeed, flustered through the headlines in the American press, Jackson's trip appeared to be as much a political as a moral mission. Yet if he did succeed in bringing about a dialogue in the Middle East, it will certainly enhance his moral stature. If he doesn't, there will always be other issues to rise and other headlines to catch. —

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government does not maintain a separate data base on those men who actually fought in Southeast Asia. Instead, the official statistics lump together all ex-servicemen who served in the armed forces during the so-called Vietnam era—spanning from August 1964 through May 1975. Thus, socialist veterans are thrown into a statistical bag that includes men who sat out the war in Germany or Korea or the states. The result of all this is obvious: We have no means of identifying problems peculiar to those men who actually served in Vietnam, nor can we isolate the employment difficulties of those soldiers who saw combat. In the end, all we really know is that about 9 million veterans served during the Vietnam era, of whom at least 2.5 million went to war. Beyond that, Vietnam veterans all but disappear.

Given the absence of reliable data, it seems not self-evidenced but particularly unfair to build stereotypes out of scraps of hearsay and scraps of unclear psychology. Ignorance breeds mythology. If we don't understand the facts of Vietnam, we manufacture Adam and Eve; if we don't know what became of our Vietnam veterans, we make up stories that are at once dramatic and psychologically gratifying. Vietnam was a horrible war, we seem to say, hence Vietnam veterans must be suffering horrible aftermaths. It makes sense. It strikes our need for clarity and unambiguous understanding. It makes for exciting, tear-jerking movies. It helps us project our own memories and nightmares onto a just screen peopled by suffering soldiers. Next, tell me, please. And yet, what about the human capacity for renewal and self-repair? What about those—like me—who came home from the war psychologically intact? What about those who slipped back into society unscathed, even gratefully, thinking they'd done well by themselves and their nation? What about those who believed in the damned war and who still believe? What about those who aren't locked—and never were—on drugs and alcohol?

Some stereotypes, of course, are justified. At least defensible. But in the case of Vietnam veterans, the TV and magazine stereotypes are based on virtually no systematic data. Indeed, there is considerable evidence—though often sketchy and tenuous—to suggest an entirely different image. A questionnaire, I asked for a portrait of the "typical" Vietnam-era veteran, would respond that this was Caucasian, male, thirty-three years old, employed, happily discharged, a high school graduate with some college, an income of \$12,680 a year (versus \$9,320 for his nonveteran peers), no prison record, no drug or alcohol dependence.

Granted, this portrait is based on data that includes all 9 million Vietnam-era veterans and is cannot be taken as an accurate reflection of the 2.5 million men who actually served in Southeast Asia. Yet it is the only comprehensive survey available. If we are determined to build stereotypes, then it would seem wise to begin with what we know rather than what we don't know.

In some cases, it is possible to refute the more outrageous stereotypes. Take, for example, the image of veterans as jaded. While there is no complete data, the Veterans Administration estimates that about 30,000 Vietnam-era vets were insomniac at some point during their service. Even in the unlikely event that all 30,000 of these men actually fought in Southeast Asia, it would mean that only about one in a hundred Vietnam war veterans is a jaded vet—the stuff of stereotypes. Also, how many of those

men was as much a problem before they went to war as it was three years afterward? But again, the issue boils down to a nebulous guess, and without reliable numbers, a guess isn't worthy of a group of 2.5 million men in jinkies. The same is true for alcoholism. While there is evidence to suggest that both problems have affected a good many Vietnam vets, we simply do not have the corresponding numbers. From which to draw broad, sweeping stereotypes. Prejudice is especially valid for in the case of alcoholism, VA studies indicate that the disease may be even more common among Korean War and World War II veterans, and if we were to extrapolate from the statistics of Israel and Okinawa, might be the first to be labeled drunks.

Another myth revolves around the issue of so-called less-than-honorable discharges. Because so much has been made of the so-called "honorable" medals, it is easy to believe that the controversial character of the Vietnam War resulted in an extraordinarily high rate of "bad paper" discharges. The evidence shows otherwise. Only 3 percent of the nation's Vietnam-era veterans received bad paper. For veterans of the Korean War era, the rate was exactly the same. For veterans of the World War II era, the bad-paper rate was considerably higher. Thus, it is an anti-vets conspiracy, the media's soldier's discipline and soldierly comportment would seem to stand up quite well indeed. Again, the evidence simply can't support the Hollywood stereotype.

The image of the Vietnam veteran as chronically unemployed is another of those impossible-to-verify, hard-to-refute generalizations. No data. The best we can do is to examine statistics that include all 9 million Vietnam-era vets, drawing whatever inferences we dare about the hidden subcategory of men who actually served in Vietnam. In general, it is safe to say that unemployment was a nagging and fairly serious problem up and down the Vietnam era. In 1971, for instance, things looked around. The unemployment rate for Vietnam-era veterans fell from 6.7 percent in the third quarter of 1977 to 4.7 percent in the third quarter of 1978. In the second quarter of 1975, the peacetime rate for these vets, ages twenty-five to thirty-one, ran at 3.7 percent—only slightly higher than the rate for nonveterans in the same age bracket. The government estimates that these recent employment problems, then, veterans are highly vulnerable to fluctuations in the economy, and that underemployment assumes a significant problem. Still, the picture appears to be brightening for the veterans as a whole, and it would not seem unreasonable, given the ab-

cases of specific data, to believe that the 2.5 million men who came home from Southeast Asia are doing at least comparably well in the job market. This only constitutes social and antirealist evidence—a mere indication—but, on the other hand, the mere fact of Vietnam-era vets as an unemployed, down-and-out crowd on society is based on no reliable recent evidence at all.

This is not to deny that some Vietnamese veterans still have to suffer the after-effects of war. Too many are unemployed, too many have to cruise, too many carry lasting psychological scars. In an ongoing study sponsored by the government, for example, preliminary findings suggest that nearly 60 percent of ex-Vietnam vets returned home with service conditions, diseases, physical wounds, nightmares, and alcohol and drug problems.

The same report, however, points out that only 40 percent say they still suffer from such difficulties. More than 60 percent are now free of any of the listed problems. And yet *The New York Times* greeted the report with this headline: **VIETNAM VETERANS FOUND TO HAVE MAJOR PROBLEMS**. This seems contradictory at two ways. First, it implies—contrary to the actual data—that the majority of Vietnam veterans are still afflicted, second, it lumps such things as "nervous conditions," "physical wounds," and "alcoholism" into a single category labeled "major problems." Aren't physical wounds to be expected among combat vets? Are nightmares and nervous conditions really major problems?

The nation seems too comfortable with—even dependent on—the image of a suffering and deeply troubled veteran. Rather than face our own culpabilities, we shove them off onto ex-GIs and let them suffer for us. Rather than drive old stereotypes, rather than confront our own frustrations and prejudices about the war, we take comfort in the image of a bleary-eyed veteran carrying all that emotional baggage for us. The point at him, drinking and so on. Well, assuming we'll fret about these things.

The vet is a stand-in for the collective conscience. Moreover, by focusing sympathy and attention on the men who fought the war, we avoid many of the more difficult issues about the war itself. This phenomenon, for example, was apparent during the bitter stages of the conflict, when the whole justification for continued bombing shifted from a concern for the welfare of the Vietnamese to the welfare of American POWs. It is all boiled down, in the end, to "saving our boys." That kind of thinking was simplistic then, and it remains so today. By pitying the Vietnam veterans, we feel justified in ignoring the broader issues of right and wrong in foreign poli-

cy, by letting the vet shoulder the pain, we reduce our own pain, by acknowledging his guilt trip, our own becomes more manageable. It's a nice arrangement.

The cinematic stereotype of the Vietnamese veteran—and the nation's willingness to accept it—scores tied to this same process. A way of atoning. A way of coping. For years, Hollywood simply ignored the real Vietnam files, with the disastrous exception of *The Green Berets*, did not begin appearing until the debate was over or nearly over. *White as Snow* came home when the soldiers were? Where was Hollywood's conscience when we most needed it? Back in the late Sixties, even into the Seventies, it was a truism, not only in Hollywood but also in New York's publishing circles, that "Vietnam won't sell." Audiences wanted to forget, they wanted escape, they'd seen enough of Vietnam on the nightly news.

**Rather than
confront our own
frustrations about the
war, we take comfort
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carrying the emotional
baggage for us.**

Now Vietnam is suddenly bankable. *The Deer Hunter* and *Coming Home* swept last year's Oscars and also swept an millions of dollars at the box office. This year, it's *Apocalypse Now*. Despite bitterly contrasting reviews and intense controversy—or perhaps partly because of them—*Apocalypse Now* will almost surely stand as one of the biggest-drawing movies of the season. Even before its first screening, the film was being greeted as a major cultural event, a cover story phenomenon, an invasive and speculative plausibility into the psyche that gave us Vietnam.

Apocalypse Now offers a sound-up version of the old stereotype of the weird, messed-out, berserk GI. Despite its clear antipathetical intentions, the film carries a quite literal message. Not only was the war crazy, but so was the man who fought it. Madman Marlon Brando, assassin Martin Sheen, warlike and Robert Duvall. Vietnam, the film seems to say, was a lonely hell, and American soldiers were its victims. With outlandish exagger-

ations and garish cartoon characters, the movie pulls up and extends the more varied stereotypes of its cinematic forerunners. Gone are any remnants of sanity. Gone are any real heroes. Gone are any hints of human decency. What remains is madness. The nightmares of madness. Power, greed, religious—there, as it would seem, were the fuels that fired American heroism in Vietnam. While all this is hardly a comment on the forces that led us to this war, a condoning of that "heart of darkness" lurking in the national bosom, one can't help wondering how many moviegoers will interpret it so safely. How many, instead, will see the film as a reinforcement of an already well-ingrained stereotype? And how many Vietnam vets will take it as a terminal diagnosis of their own mental health?

Like many earlier films about the war, *Apocalypse Now* has opted for a simple solution to a complex set of questions. By going for the Grand Answer—madness, the final heart of darkness—the film avoids and even overstates these more complicated, ultimately more ambiguous but surely more accurate explanations of what went wrong in Vietnam. It's just too damned easy to chalk it all up to insanity. Madness explains everything, right? No need to examine society's motives, because motives don't have motives. No need to explore history, because history operates outside it. No need to engage issues of principle or politics, because motives don't think about such things.

The Grand Answer excises all of us inured by means of insanity.

"It's high time we cut through the crap and start addressing the truly fundamental questions," says Arthur Egendorf, a clinical psychologist with a special interest in veterans' affairs. "Sure, Vietnam veterans were marked by their experience. But by 'marked' I don't mean just negative things. Important lessons were learned, insights gained, wisdom won. The war made positive marks too."

Egendorf, a 1966 Harvard College graduate, served in Army intelligence in Vietnam, later earned his doctorate, and now works in the department of psychiatry at the Mount Sinai School of Medicine. Currently he is one of the principal investigators heading up a major VA-sponsored study of the "psychosocial functioning" of Vietnamese veterans.

"The media seem to love the image of a screwball, angry, alienated, fringed-out veteran, but the image simply isn't based on any systematic research," says Egendorf. He talks rapidly, fired up. "I mean, look at all the Vietnam veterans in positions of

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responsibility and leadership. Government, business, the arts, education—everywhere. Look at me. I hated the war, but it also forced me to confront problems and challenges I might otherwise have skirted. It opened my eyes. Made me realize I had to get along with these sons, made me more compassionate, made me take a hard look at my nation and my conscience. Vietnam broke some men, but it made some too.

"The question of mental health is often misdirected," says psychologist Egonoff. "It's a form of misdirection, and it diverts attention from the really critical matters. Don't get me wrong—some vets do suffer from post-traumatic stress disorder. But if you ask, 'Are you screwed up?' the beauty of them will just blink and say, 'Hey, cool it, I'm okay.' Whether we're talking about veterans in particular or the nation in general, we've got to stop defining the dialogue purely in terms of mental health. Rather, we should be asking the big questions. How did we get involved in Vietnam in the first place? What went wrong with the checks and balances? What principles should the country defend in the future? Under what conditions should we go to war again? What did Vietnam do to the old citizen-soldier obligation? The veteran can teach us plenty about those matters, but he can't do it if we keep thinking of him as a loser case."

Five years after Vietnam, Egonoff argues, the nation continues to view the experience through old, scratchy eyes, age-blighted lenses. "On the one hand," he says, "we still have the hawk, the patriot, who thinks that we were right to be in Vietnam but we were allowed to go out and really sue the war. Then we have the dove, the pacifist, who says we were wrong to be there in the first place. The two sides are still shouting at each other from opposite ends of a huge canyon. They can barely hear each other, they certainly can't understand each other. But there's one thing they can agree on: The Vietnam war got screwed. So you see, that makes the veteran a link of bridge between the competing mindsets in this country, a unifying force. Because he's considered neutral ground, he has a unique opportunity to bring these sides in to get a real dialogue going, to help generate a common search for the deeper meanings of Vietnam."

Out of more than 2.5 million men who actually served in Southeast Asia, some 57,000 died and another 300,000 were wounded, 150,000 of them seriously enough to require hospitalization. Of those wounded, some 75,000 came home with serious handicaps, while about 35,000 returned totally disabled. Some 3.5 million more men were passing time, 63 came home as triple amputees—Mike Cleland was one of them.

The thirty-seven-year-old Georgian lost both legs and an arm to the war, now, more than a decade later, he is the first Vietnam veteran to be named the Veterans Administration, which is one of the government's largest bureaucracies.

"You can understand," he says, "why I wanted this job. Vietnam was a special kind of war—just in terms of the body trips and times that costed so many traumatic amputations—and, because of my own experience, I thought I had something valuable to contribute. I wanted to not 'wound' or do something positive. A lot of vets feel that way, not just me."

For a year and a half after the explosion that crippled him, Cleland nursed through a variety of hospitals.

Morale is not so much affected by bright home front fires as by good battlefield food. And a corpse does not look any prettier, any less dead, in a so-called popular war.

For a year and a half after the explosion that crippled him, Cleland nursed through a variety of hospitals.

He acknowledges the difficulty. The Veterans Administration has its own problems. Young veterans see it as a bureaucracy, bogged down by red tape, immobilized by its size, rigid in its routines, inadequate in its innovations, manipulated by its links to old-line organizations like the American Legion and the VFW, paralyzed by its absence of basic data about the effectiveness of its own programs.

Cleland bristles at the suggestion that the VA, despite his personal zeal, continues to balk at providing innovative new services for the nation's Vietnam veterans. "We're under a lot and meager budget," he says. "But, even so, look at what we got this year in the way of new programs. Everybody else, every other agency, is either standing still or getting chipped, but we're moving away with a hundred million dollars in programs aimed mostly at younger vets."

Well, the programs aren't exactly new. The GI bill's eligibility criterion, which sets a target portion of these "new" dollars, is exactly what it sounds like—an extension of an older program. Still, Cleland clearly believes his agency is responding better to the needs of Vietnam veterans, and he says, in a matter, the young vets will respond better to the agency.

"We're trying, we're trying," he says. "The VA, for example, has the capability of becoming the finest rehabilitative facility in the world. We see that, we see it, but that's a challenge. As a disabled veteran, I see the flaws in the rehabilitative system, and now I'm out to cure those flaws."

Though no one seems to doubt Cleland's dedication and concern, many

find it having served. And that's a tragedy, but look, we need more on that tragedy, and I think most Vietnam veterans are doing that. I know I have."

Frequently, in conversations with Cleland and Robert Muller and Egonoff and many other Vietnam vets, words like pride and respect and honor pop up. Old-fashioned values. Somehow they don't quite jibe with the freshly-eyed, drug-taking image being peddled at four bucks a crack in movie theaters across the country.

"Agents and agents," Cleland says, "gags tell me they want to get a fair shake, they want to be treated with the decency and respect they deserve. They don't want to be branded as delinquents. They don't want to get coddled. They just want to feel like they're part of this country again."

Speaking quietly, almost as if to himself, Cleland says his main priority at the VA is to increase the faith of Vietnam veterans in their own government, to make the agency "more compassionate and caring." He acknowledges the difficulty. The Veterans Administration has its own problems. Young veterans see it as a bureaucracy, bogged down by red tape, immobilized by its size, rigid in its routines, inadequate in its innovations, manipulated by its links to old-line organizations like the American Legion and the VFW, paralyzed by its absence of basic data about the effectiveness of its own programs.

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of his critics—perhaps because they cannot see too much beyond the headlines to the lengths under budget constraints, to play it safe with the powerful old-line square-jawed, and to be less an advocate of new programs than an advocate of old ones. And, yes, for all this, even his brilliant critics have to be so serious about reexamining and improving medical care and that he has done much to bring fresh air into an organization that was for years inoperative to changing needs and attitudes.

Though Robert Muller and Miss Cleland—both disabled, both trapped in wheelchair—disagree on the scope of the VA's accomplishments over the past three years (Muller thinks virtually nothing important has been done), the two men would very much agree when it comes to a discussion of the untapped potential of the Vietnam vet.

"It's got it all," says Muller. "Experience and wisdom and energy and a desire to make good. All he needs is the chance."

"The Vietnam veterans," says Cleland, "are going to make a difference in this country. A conservative difference. I want to do all I can to help him in that."

Perhaps one of the greatest and most misleading myths about the treatment of the Vietnam veteran has to do with the recognition he received when returning home from war. It involves sad and hundreds of newspaper and magazine articles; it pointed out, almost as a matter of course, that the Vietnam vet did not get the same parades and ticker-tape that greeted the boys returning from World War II.

"What ticker tape?" says a 41-year-old former Marine, now a newspaper editor. "When I came home from the Pacific, I didn't see any cheering crowds or any confetti or any big parades down the main Avenue. I got off the boat and took a long train ride home, and that was that."

The man has a point. Although there surely were more parades when the boys returned from World War II, the vast majority of soldiers did not take part. More important, how many World War II veterans really scored all that celebrative nonsense? Who needs a silly parade after returning from blood and death and gear, after watching friends die, after witnessing the waste and tragedy of combat? Who needs ticker tape after months of blood and destruction? Who needs speeches and flags after all that? Most combat veterans would prefer simply to head home, relax, reunite their lives, taste the new peace.

In the case of Vietnam, of course, there weren't many victory parades because there weren't many victories.

Few celebrations because there wasn't much to celebrate. But behind the cowardly façade of parades and confetti is a considerably more important point: honor. The Vietnam vet, so the folklore goes, was never allowed to feel genuine pride in his service. Instead, he came home to disdain. Or to unbelief. Or to a kind of hands-off recognition, as if he were responsible for the tragedy of Vietnam. Doves soared him for having fought in an evil war. Hawks wooed him in a less-than-candid way who couldn't do the job quickly and well. Those who were simply tired of the war, tired of watching it on TV every evening, viewed him as a reminder of something they preferred to forget. The result: no sense of honor.

Even in the absence of systematic documentation for this folklore, it seems on the surface well-founded and full of contradictions. Here, after all, ought not to depend on the

The hawks and the doves are "still shouting at each other from opposite ends of a huge canyon. But there's one thing they can agree on: The veteran got screwed."

opinions of others but on one's own self-image, one's own sense of rectitude and service. Pride is not a commodity given to soldiers; it is an intangible derived from one's own experience and conscience.

"When I got out of Nam," says Steve Smith, a former helicopter door gunner and now a novelist with one published book to his credit, "I just felt the incredible feeling that I'd be back in the states. I guess I never even thought about staff like parades or what people felt about me. I had my own judgments to make. I went to Vietnam for the experience—I volunteered. I wanted to see what it was like, taste it, touch it, and, by God, I got my fill. It was an internal and beautiful act on my part, and I have to weigh it on my own scales, not somebody else's."

Certainly other veterans feel they did not get that in return to the war, but, again, that's a judgment that ultimately is theirs alone to make. A parade or a speech won't—and shouldn't—change those evaluations.

Still, it's true that a good many soldiers feel the nation has not properly appreciated their sacrifices. What is not clear, however, is whether that attitude is held by the majority. It is even less clear whether the attitude is justified. Many veterans of World War II returned home to find their jobs taken by newcomers, to find an economy raging with inflation, to find housing shortages and general complacency. They, too, must have felt less than fully "honored." Perhaps after a war even a popular one, there must be an unsettled period during which the veteran feels estranged from his own society, even from peace itself. A war never really ends with the signing of a document or with the docking of a troopship. In memory, in imagination, and in concrete reality, a war goes on and on in its consequences.

Another bit of popular folklore has it that Vietnam was somehow different from other American wars. Fundamentally different. In its unpopularity at home, especially during the later stages of the conflict, the Vietnam War surely did not match our fondest memories of World War II. Also, unlike the happy days of 1945, Vietnam ended in defeat—some would say unnecessary defeat, but still defeat. It was a war, too, that was limited by numerous internal and external constraints, a war that seemed at times understated and halfhearted.

Yet many of these statements also seem to be true of the Korean War, World War I, and even the American Revolution. Was Vietnam the somehow different World War II? Even more important, however, is that for the soldier on the ground, the combat veteran, every war is identical as its most basic elements: fire, death, destruction, pain, anger, confusion, isolation, boredom, grief, injustice. It does not make it any easier to charge as enemy bunker knowing that the folks back home are behind you; it doesn't make it easier knowing that your war was sanctioned by a vote in Congress. More is not so much affected by bright home front fires as by good battlefield food. And a corpse does not look any prettier, any less dead, in a so-called popular war.

It does the Vietnam veteran no good to make about how different his war was. In some ways, in fact, such comparisons tend to deflect attention from the truly important moral issues. Was the war wrong, not just "different"? Was the veteran's sacrifice, however tiny, worth the cost? Or was it? Did we abuse the Vietnam veteran not by the treatment we gave him upon his return home but rather by sending him to war in the first place? ☐



THE RESPLENDENT MALE

Flamboyance, dark, swagger, and pomp—these were the marks of a man at the court of Vienna a century ago

Maybe you think that masculine fashion is getting out of hand just because it's now okay for a man to wear some jewelry, a few ruffles on his dress shirt, and a bit of glitz at the tux. But the so-called peacock revolution that began in the mid-1980s is pretty tame compared with what men wore up to a hundred years ago in Vienna. At the court of Emperor Franz Joseph, noblemen rarely made a splash, and their servants and the imperial society dressed just as grandly. Never before or since have European males fitted themselves up with

such pomp and swagger. The proof is in a collection of antique garments assembled by fashion authority Dana Vondra for a new exhibition at The Costume Institute, in New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art. Called "Fashions of the Hapsburg Era: Austria-Hungary," it will open December 11 with a display of men's and women's court clothes. The men's side of the show, in this sample, all loaned by museums in Vienna and all dating from the nineteenth century, you can see that for the Hapsburg court, "understatement" was an idea whose time had not yet come.



A member of the Hapsburg aristocracy wore this outfit. The coat is brocade—dark in color, with wide metallic gold thread—over it is a dark blue velvet coat trimmed in gold with gold embroidery and buttons of turquoise.



Hats or members of the cavalry, were highly embroidered. Some wore a black wool with an elaborate system of brood cloths called pascuaceras. The plumes of the helmet added to the uniform's pomp.



In national coat of a Transylvanian embroidery, in wear when his war painted at court, is made of people wear with elaborate gold embroidery. The sleeves are long and tapered reflecting the influence of the Deco.



A trumpeter of the imperial bodyguards wore a uniform (left) of a red wool tunic with gold trim and, over it, a helmet with splendid braided worked into a crest that is the same as that on the Austro-Hungarian flag. Tall black boots with spurs are fixed over white buckskin breeches. A trumpet (not shown) attaches with gold cord and tassels. Red buffalo hair tops the black helmet decorated with the imperial double eagle in gold. Right: A Liebherr was a guard who rode beside the coachman of the emperor or the archduke and served also as a personal bodyguard. His outfit consists of a dark green wool coat trimmed with silver, swirling bunched, white stockings, black buckled shoes, and a bicorn hat. Two bandoliers draped over the coat held a loading horn and a sword with a hunting knife.



The gala uniform (left) of a Hungarian Liebherr, or privy coachman, was worn on grand ceremonial occasions. It has an inner coat of black wool embroidered in gold and an outer coat trimmed with sable. The trousers are gold embroidered like Hungarian of the Austro-Hungarian Empire so decorated their pants—the Austrians refrained. The hat, called a capote, is of sable. The leather boots have gold embroidery too. Right: This outfit for a Hungarian member of the emperor's guard is a red tunic with breeches trimmed with silver and a leopard-skin cloak fastened with a silver buckle. The six leather boots have silver trim and spurs. The uniform's overall richness is heightened by the tall feathers on the capote. Hungarian guards, called pandurs, were required to wear a moustache. 44

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PLAYING WITH SMOKE

PHOTOGRAPHS • BY • JACQUES HENRI LARTIGUE

CIGARETTES WERE NEW FOR WOMEN, AND SMOKING WAS A COME-ON. ONE OF THE CENTURY'S GREAT PHOTOGRAPHERS RECALLS THE MOMENT IN THESE PREVIOUSLY UNPUBLISHED PICTURES

Back in the days before the surgeon general determined that smoking could be dangerous to your health, a cigarette meant status and sophistication—particularly in the hands of a woman. If she was glamorous, smoking added an air of mystery. If demure, she had only to light up, while deeply and just distantly through the haze to hint at smoking possibilities. In 1921, when these photographs were taken by Jacques Henri Lartigue, smoking was one of the minor erotic arts—a little naughty fun.

Lartigue, who has produced some of the most vividly delightful images in the history of photography, remembers that in the late Twenties, "women had just started to smoke; it was not really something extraordinary, but not very common either. The fact that women smoked was accepted in our class—except for smoking in the streets, which was considered very bad." He decided to have some fun with women and their newfound habit.

Lartigue was a frequent visitor to the theaters and music halls of Paris and knew all the celebrated entertainers of the day. During intermissions, he says, "I would go backstage, and while these actresses and dancers were still all made-up for the stage, I asked them to pose holding or smoking a cigarette. Sometimes they did not have the habit of smoking, but they pretended." All the ladies appearing in the photos were famous stars of the times, but since fifty years have passed, there must be only a handful whose names mean anything to our contemporaries.

New agey-five, Lartigue still smokes extensively, touching base at his Paris home and his country estate, in Spain, where he first began taking pictures at the turn of the century. In 1901, his father gave him his first camera, and he excitedly recorded the event in his diary: "I know very well that many, many things are going to ask me to have their pictures taken and I will take them all!"

And take them he did. Photographing the spirited actors

of his family, he made some of his most famous pictures while still in his teens: his brother, Maurice, sitting fully clothed in a rubber tire boat; his cousin Rickspade, unhungry by a long start, leaping down a flight of stairs; his cousin Simone gleefully peeling a lemonade jar, his cousin joyously urinating on a log over the estate pond. Then came photographs of car races, gliding actresses, and dissolute flirts.

Soon, however, these enthusiasms gave way to an unashamed love affair with women. "Everything about them fascinates me—their dresses, their scent, the way they walk, the makeup on their faces, their hands full of rings, and, above all, their backs," he declared at nineteen. He took to walking beautiful women in the Bois de Boulogne: "There she comes! I am tired—I trouble a little. Twenty meters . . . ten meters . . . five meters . . . click! My fingers make such a noise that the lady jumps . . . almost as much as I do. They don't matter except when she is in the company of a big man who is famous and starts to scold me as if I were a naughty child. That really makes me very angry, but I try to smile. The pleasure of having taken another photograph makes up for everything! The pleasure! To forget. The picture! To win love!"

Always the artist—his photographs were not even exhibited until 1952—Lartigue kept his pictures mostly for his own pleasure. Then, in 1970, Penguin Books published *Diary of a Century*, a selection of his photographs spanning seventy years, which brought his work to the attention of a wide and appreciative audience. Next year, Viking will issue Lartigue's photographs of women smoking—these and many others—in a book designed and produced by Sheldon Cooper. Called *Les Femmes aux Cigarettes*, it will add yet another dimension to Lartigue's lifelong fascination with the feminine.

DAVIA (above)



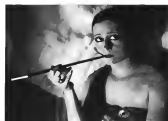
SIM VIVA (above left)
SUZY PRIM (above right)
THE DOLLY SISTERS (below)



I asked all the most beautiful and famous women of show biz of the time to pose for me holding or smoking a cigarette."



BLANCHE MONTEL (above left)
GERMAINE CHARLEY (above right)
LYDIA JOHNSON (below)



To understand why I took these photos, one must understand that I had only one purpose in my head, to amuse myself."





PAULE ANDRAL (above)
BRIEN WELLS (below left)
R. DIVRAC (below right)



My intent has always been to do something funny. Women smoking somehow intrigued me: I found it ridiculous."



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Tick, tick, tick: subway radio air. Alone in the novel I hear it this restless presentation of a train. Clank, clank, clank: closer, headed uptown: a creeping barrage of small social sounds. I halfstop if over one third rail, another I rest, belly down, on the express track rim. (Can that be you, old friend, old mad chick, crouching there afraid while an outfit IRT local looms, hairy, wide of shoulder, push? First dot has been passed up again, a spark, wedding torch beam, light's come free. Is that you twenty years ago? I advance, remembering it, the strength of your footstomps, I take that. Now, yes, you slummy up to unsewer blue light below, and your courage, from their spiking place.) Twelve perfect blue subway bells for her birthday. It was the sort of present she loved. I forgot myself you, reader, you never knew Laura. Laura. Laura was so blond that, for moments of a time, I couldn't see against the stranger her hair dissolved bits of light. The face was devout, apocryphal as a palette. Most's perhaps the one he used for his most daybreaking "Rosen Cathedral." Eyes, blue but blue seen through fast brook water magnified, embraced by stints of movement. She was tall. (Was? Is. She can't have shrunk.) At seventeen she could read Gogol in Japanese, catch difficult butterflies, play Shostakovich with a lot of

LAURA AND THE NATIVES

A MEMOIR OF LOVE LOST BY DIKEITH MANO



pedal. Everything about Laura had been done on the grand scale, all that money could buy, if money could have. And Laura, I thought, was no other magnificence, wonderfully and so a personage of the issue scored her. The interesting issue. For twenty months I tried to make her love me that there was always that crack, Remondolph, between us.

Remondolph. How? Why now? Only some fine sort of quick would pick a useless diphthong like that too his name. Remondolph was five years older than I, and more inches taller. Worse, for the clear night of it, he lived part-time in Brazil with a probably famous headhunter title. I never met Remondolph, but I saw him quite enough. He was a great distributor of personal photographs. Remondolph in his bush belt, left hand pinned up, Remondolph with a dark tour, Remondolph with his mixed, small (well, my size) headhunters. Laura had a shrine's worth of South American blowguns and pincery skin and even one structure head. "Remondolph understands their ways," Laura said. Well, I thought. It was all an act. But not an easy one to follow.

Mrs. Lathan, Mrs. her, succeeded me at my role she thought Remondolph wild and too odd. Once Laura and he had left for a Friday night proc, and had returned that next Tuesday morning. Laura with reddish mud in one shoe and a coon tail in the other. I knew (knew) that she had given him

her virtue, in the way only Laura could give it, or sex might be, oh, philistine! I would never beat that mark not in contrast to a man who ate coon and knew how little Brazilian killers made love. So I told Laura this. I was keeping close for my fiction, for art. Laura didn't wince. It was preposterous enough to be, if not plausible, at least picturesque she liked depicted things, as I have said. And Mrs. Lathan found me comprehensible. I was the one person who would listen to her tremendous collection of Mayan cylinders ancient opera recordings, so subtle chiefly for their garish surface noise. Mrs. Lathan said me "good" for Laura said and not admit in all servicable, a species of Seeing Eye animal or such like.

For one, then, there could be but one access to Laura's heart. I saw it clearly. I would have to go native. In New York. And so, for the best part of 1958-1959, I brought Laura souvenirs from my own certainly fabulous tribe: a black (then Negro) street gang outfit, the Big Boppers. I spoke Marika again to Laura. I chaperoned pro-far-cult dances. Oh, I advanced their wise research for my celibate fiction, you see. I carried a wicker bike chain. I stuck a razor blade in my shoe tip. Then, the blue subway bells. Hence, too, my extravagant car that October night on Ninth Street off Park. "Have 'out out," I said. "Some spots've come down on us." And, stepping to the curb, I retrieved a man-

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at Publix bar, I had sex in there before. With this situation I drew a muscle cover off, had her goodnight, and climbed down. Yes, actually, into knee-high sewage. I waited two hours before washing up again. It had been a rainy autumn.

So we went at last. Mr. Diphthong from the undergrowth, I from the underground. For every spear sent by Luna post a switchblade. For every lunge I made a ping-pong ball. (That wide shrunken head I could never top; it stared me bloody dead.) Luna, our joint carter, was and so encouraging: the South American Wing and the Harlem Wing in her room grew constructively. Headache on headstone. I went to jazz joints, I attended diagnostic parks. I got a night's bright confusion, I stood still in my left loop. I was in a poor state, but I loved her. And, being on the spot, more constructively erotic, I made up my mind. I cut into Raendolph's head. Then, suddenly, the matter rose to a head: not shrunken, other full-blown. Raendolph was to arrive back in July. Luna got half terrified with passion, half ferberic with indignation. (Luna's intended in *Heart of Darkness*.)

I never came about. One day—no, not one particular day, June 18, 1959—I surprised Luna crying. Tears had broken apart like a thunderbolt head. Raendolph had written his would stay with his headstache after all. I tried to kiss Luna. It was an exercise in condolence, merely that.

"No," she said. She drove me off. "No. No more of this. I won't be around any longer. It isn't fair. I won't, won't. Woe!"

"What?"

"Won't be a virgin forever. Raendolph has been intimate with me. He says he loves me too much. And you, your book—"

"God, my book. Luna—"

"No, please or arrest." She cried. She was terrified. She loved me. I won't be married if you can't split. I admit it, all, but you see—I get busy. There it's said.

"My book. He. My book doesn't matter..."

"Oh, it does. And I'm leaving for Paris on Saturday with my suit. I won't see you again."

Her word, of course, was good. I didn't. Luna is married to a carpenter. They have three children. She was too much for Raendolph and me, in respect, too much for her. It was all of a two-machete. Chirophy must have turned wholeheartedly by comparison. Well, the 88 has gone from my body. And Raendolph, that fake, left Brazil supposedly soon after. He has been living in Cleveland since. Where, I presume, his roots for the Indians.

THE THANK-GOD-IT'S-1980 QUIZ

BY WILLIAM POUNDSTONE

Take heart, all you *fin-de-siècle* cynics: The Seventies are just about over! Yes, this listless decade of bland conformity will soon go the way of Skylab and Mark Spitz's acting career. But how much do you really know about the Seventies? The past decade has been so dull that you've probably dined through some of the important parts. So if you feel you could use a little consciousness-raising, here's a way to test your Seventies savvy. Sit back, sip your Perrier and line, and see if you got anything more than a Bicentennial mood ring out of the last ten years.

1. Who coined the term "me decade"?

- (a) Dr. Wayne Dyer
- (b) Abbie Hoffman
- (c) Tom Wolfe
- (d) S. I. Hayakawa
- (e) The General Services Administration

2. Which was not an off year?

- (a) 1970 for Rodeo
- (b) 1971 for California, Cabernet
- (c) 1972 for champagne
- (d) 1974 for Ford Panes
- (e) 1978 for NBC situation comedies

3. Who is Louise Brown?

- (a) The first American saint
- (b) The first woman general
- (c) The first test-tube baby
- (d) The main character in *Four of Five*
- (e) The author of *The Woman's Book for Success*

4. What is methanol?

- (a) Vitamin E
- (b) The generic name for Quillade
- (c) A chemical defoliant used on marijuana
- (d) A shellfish toxin developed by the CIA
- (e) Hooker Chemical's contribution to update New York top water

5. Which word is misspelled?

- (a) Wok
- (b) Cleeve
- (c) Holme
- (d) Kroggred
- (e) Caccapocatur

6. How has Jimmy Carter changed his appearance since becoming President?

- (a) He stopped wearing cap ties.
- (b) He had a chin augmentation.
- (c) He shifted the part in his hair from right to left.
- (d) He shifted the part in his hair from left to right.
- (e) He stopped wearing Billy of Grindall shoes with jorts.

7. What—shown on the videotape collection found in his home—in one of his *Ann's* favorite TV shows?

- (a) *Gunslinger*
- (b) *Star Trek*
- (c) *Who's the Boss?*
- (d) *The Newswoman*
- (e) *The McGraw-Hill Seven Show*

8. Who is Pat Robertson?

- (a) The entrepreneur behind the pet rock.
- (b) The inventor of the EUD
- (c) The Princeton student who designed an atomic bomb
- (d) The engineer who designed the DC-30 engine pylons
- (e) The founder of an all-religious-programming TV network

9. What is the racket sport played with a punctured tennis ball?

- (a) Tennis, mostly
- (b) Paddle tennis
- (c) Harmonic tennis
- (d) Racquetball
- (e) Squash

10. What is Xanadu?

- (a) A radioactive gas released in the Three Mile Island accident
- (b) A New York disco
- (c) A house computing system that plugs into the TV

- (d) Both (a) and (b)
- (e) None of the above
- 11. Who is *most* likely to be appointed ambassador to Zimbabwe?
- (a) Dr. Louis Fraxing
- (b) Dr. William Shockley
- (c) Dr. Peter Borsine
- (d) Dr. Aldo Gucci
- (e) Dr. London South
- 12. Pick the most accurate description of Jim Jones's infamous events.
- (a) Cherry Kool-Aid and cyanide
- (b) Grape Kool-Aid, cyanide, and sleeping pills
- (c) Strawberry Flavored-Aid, cyanide, and tranquilizers
- (d) White Grape Drink, cyanide, and grain alcohol
- (e) Apple Cold Duck and Party Tyres Margarita Mix
- 13. What is the significance of 1980?
- (a) The number of nuclear weapons currently allowed under SALT I
- (b) The number of people on Nixon's enemies list
- (c) The maximum number of people admitted to Studio 54
- (d) The year Reverend Moon's followers believed Ramese would end
- (e) The number of rotund hairs the FDA allows in a pound of peanut butter

14. Which is not a name used by Evans before he became Evans?

- (a) Dervey
- (b) Expy
- (c) Eaco
- (d) Eno
- (e) Standard Oil of New Jersey
- 15. Which president did the Carter Administration most like to forget?
- (a) Giff and Winters
- (b) Trinidad and Tobago
- (c) Monk and Mandy
- (d) Ananette and crown
- (e) Raxxing

16. Who is Sara Jane Moore?

- (a) The 1979 Miss America
- (b) Barry Truman's mistress
- (c) One of Grand Ford's would-be suitors
- (d) Lee Marvin's nearest living girl friend
- (e) A character Gilda Radner plays on *Saturday Night Live*

17. Identify *usual* slurs.

- (a) The winner of the 1979 Kentucky Derby
- (b) An endangered species
- (c) A Robert Altman film that lost \$3 million
- (d) The literal translation of Teng Hsiang's name
- (e) The code name of a CIA plot to make Fidel Castro's beard fall out

18. "Enhanced realism" is a term that applies to:

- (a) Kufner photography
- (b) Raxxing shows
- (c) Microscopic errors
- (d) Neutron bombs



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- (a) Certain residential sections of Burnsville
19. Who claims that "the number of people you can put on hold is a measure of how powerful you are?"
(a) Adam West
(b) Michael Rooker
(c) Alvin Karp
(d) Freddie Laker
(e) Steve Rubell
20. Who is Giorgio Armani?
(a) Pope John Paul I
(b) The owner of Club Med
(c) The organizer of the Ritz-Carlton
(d) The designer of the uncontracted blazer
(e) One of the persons said by Justice O'Connor
21. What is Cosmos 984?
(a) A robot in Star Wars
(b) The first deceased black hole
(c) The Soviet satellite that came down in Canada
(d) A superpowerful TV station in Atlanta
(e) Pete's number, now retired
22. Identify Evans
(a) A brand of mineral water without bubbles
(b) What the car is out stands for
(c) A Swiss health spa
(d) A feminine hygiene spray
(e) "Buz" Akim's real first name
23. What is destroying the ozone layer?
(a) Herpes virus II
(b) Proton 12
(c) Streptococcus 90
(d) Iodine 131
(e) Artificial preservatives
24. Identify Williams
(a) One of Alex Haley's characters
(b) An African neo-classic composer
(c) The Jamaican cult associated with reggae music
(d) The South American tribe whose members had plumes in their hair
(e) A food processor that will for \$450
25. Which is associated with David Wallenberg?
(a) The People's Temple of Disciples of Christ
(b) The People's Republic of China
(c) The Village People
(d) People magazine
26. Who was Harriet Mithrandal?
(a) Richard Nixon's mother
(b) A Beverly Hills malice
(c) Bianca Jagger, under her real name
(d) A transience in The Rocky Horror Picture Show
(e) A futuristic identity Bert Lance used for consulting fees

Answers

- (a) 20a) 20c) 40b) 50d) 60d) 70d) 80c) 90a) 100d) 110a) 120a) 130a) 140a) 150a) 160c) 170b) 180a) 190a) 200d) 210c) 220a) 230a) 240a) 250a) 260a)

A Day in the Life

Mark Scott

Moment to moment with the seer of Saturday's Generation

The department that I run at Bloomingdale's—the Saturday's Generation shop—is the loudest, the hippest, the most diverse in the store. At Saturday's Generation, there are no strata of style or sensibility that dictate what we sell; we'll carry anything that I decide is right for our customer. During the period of blue-collar chic (that was the one that came right after the period of young liberal versus silver majority), we sold hard hats, scores of them. Today, of course, it's disco, in all its variations.

Right now, as a matter of fact, we're bringing in a line of roller-disco strut wear—quilted nylon and nylon cots in orange, green, and all the purples. They can be worn by people who've never put on a pair of roller skates in their lives.

What can I tell you?—this is the stuff the people who come into my place are looking for. On a Saturday afternoon, our department is jammed with seventeen different kinds of people, fifteen of which you'd never see walking down a street. It's as if they've just arrived from another planet. Their mode of dress, their personal style, even their manner of conversation, are just wild.

I guess it's pretty clear that, though I'm only twenty-seven years old myself, most of the staff we sell—and the disco tapes that we play—is not exactly my taste. I'm a very traditional guy—and here I am buying this cranes. Eighty percent of the merchandise in the store I would never wear. But that doesn't bother me. The worst buyer in the world buys for himself. I'm a merchant. I should be able to sell pots and pans.

Though I do the buying of men's wear for this department, my title isn't buyer, it's department manager. See, I also have direct floor responsibility, not only for the New York shops but



"When we brought in the Susan jeans, I knew it would work."

also for the Saturday's Generation shops in ten other Bloomingdale's nationwide. There is a very good reason management has set it up this way. They realize that we buyers tend to be first creative and second opportunistic, so it makes sense to give us space.

Obviously, such a system also keeps a lot of energy flowing through the store because it makes for terrific competition between the heads of different departments. I mean, it's cutthroat. If my department means out on an item that does well in another part of the store, it just cuts at me. A few years ago, before I got here, Saturday's Generation went crazy with the silver Porsche jacket, sold hundreds of the things—after it had been turned down by the outerwear department. I don't think the gaps in outerwear have recovered yet.

The fact is, this business burns a person out pretty damn fast. The amount of time and dedication demanded is killing, and there are never any excuses. You can't hide from a youth and loss statement. So people here tend to look at their careers in much the same way that young lawyers with pragmatic firms do. If they haven't made a big dent by a certain age, they'd better get out and try something else.

I get up every morning by five-thir-

ty, go out and run, take a shower, catch the Long Island Railroad, and am at my desk in the Fifty-ninth Street store by eight. I begin each day with a list of things I want to accomplish. By noon, this list will generally have grown from ten to at least thirty items. Retailing is a reaction business, all figures in the drive. It's the epitome of Murphy's Law. Whatever we go wrong, does. One day a shipment of a thousand jackets might come in completely muddled, a shipment of pants might be stuck in a warehouse somewhere. I may learn that some item or other is dying in fear of the branch stores but cooking in another, so I'll have to figure out how to get the stuff to the hot store. You've got to move fast; this is a minute-by-minute business.

The Fifty-ninth Street store in New York City is a unique animal. There are certain things we buy and sell there that we wouldn't dare try anywhere else. We have one line called Racer—polyvinyl pants, tops with perforations, ultradisco-suitings—that would scare the hell out of people in suburban. Then we've got our micron-spandex top and matching jumpsuit. Could you imagine that in Bergen County?

Yet because of Bloomingdale's reputation for excess, we can get away with much more in our branch stores than can any other organization. It's still Bloomingdale's, and people don't come to Bloomingdale's only to buy Jersey shorts.

It isn't easy deciding what all these different kinds of people want and getting it for them. I spend a lot of time on the street, particularly in SoHo, looking at what people wear, as well as in disco. And I hang around at other parts of the store, seeing what's selling there. Then, again, every day, people walk in off the street with merchandise

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they want us to sell. Usually they don't even have production facilities, what they're trying to do is to sell us on the idea in order to drain up some financing. Our speakers there come in off the street, so did our indignant moderator, Leland. I've been seeing all kinds of disco stuff, just a little while ago, some guy showed up with a vest that lights up in the dark.

But it's comparatively rare that we'll see it with a new twist, particularly a bad twist like that. Punks are completely unpredictable because a true fad is utterly asexual. There is no reason in the world for it to exist. It either happens overnight or it won't happen at all, if it doesn't sell on the first Saturday, we have to mark it down. And there are no pet rocks in a bad economy.

So these days we're basically sticking to "functional" items—though of course, that term is subject to loose interpretation. One theme for Christmas is futuristic—the space-age look. We have a collection of plastic fabric that we're making into a quilted jump suit in pastel colors. It will retail for about \$160. And we have shirts that look, right out of Star Trek, at a considerably smaller price, and other more cheaper stuff.

You see, the key to a promotion like this is to make really spectacular display items with subtle merchandising at a reasonable price. It's the whole idea of Bloomingdale's as theater.

I like to spend a lot of time on the floor checking up on presentation. The greatest goods as the world aren't going to do you a hell of a lot of good sitting under a counter. I even like to have my salespeople display merchandise. I like young, hip people—ones whom clothes look good.

Let's face it, the bottom line is that I'm selling eggs. Lame, right, when we brought in the Susan jeans—and then we better design jeans around anything—I knew it would work, knew it, because I knew the mentality of this customer. This is a guy who's worked his ass off, paying off spending three staples a week in the gym, to lose forty pounds, and he wants to wear clothes that show how hard he's worked. It's all ego.

I'm generally out of the store and on my way home, back to Long Island, by a few minutes after six. It's been a tough day—and, God, there are a lot of these—I look like Oscar Madison, dragging myself off the train. On these days, I'll just grab a little dinner with my wife and crawl to bed.

But it's a funny thing. The next day I'm always thrilled as hell to get back to work. That's the thing about this business. You'd better love it with all your heart. If you don't, it's going to kill you. ■

Personal Finance

by William Flanagan

You Oughta Be in Pictures

Even low-budget collectors can invest in photographic prints

In 1968, Lee D. Witkin, a soft-spoken editor and writer for an engineering magazine, sold \$6,000 in savings and opened a tiny gallery in Manhattan solely to sell photographs. His was the only gallery in town at the time, but even so, he had so great expectations of success. At best, he hoped, by buying for the gallery he would also turn up photographs to add to his own already distinguished collection.

Today, little more than a decade later, there are some 15 galleries devoted exclusively to the sale of photographs in Manhattan and close to 150 in the United States. "People aren't opening up restaurants anymore," says Witkin, who is still steamed at the boom in photo galleries. "They are opening up photo galleries."

No need to shed any tears for Mr. Witkin, however. His is among the most prestigious and busiest of photo galleries in the country. And his new book, *The Photograph Collector's Guide* (The New York Graphic Society, \$12.50), co-authored with Barbara London, is as indispensable to serious collectors as it is expensive.

It doesn't take long to get caught to figure out the reasons for the heightened interest in collecting in general and photography in particular. Most collectors—from paintings and sculpture to such decorative art as screens (they Japanese carve, originally used on kimono hems) to stamps—have proved to be very sound investors over the past decade, more than outpacing inflation. In fact, a study made last year by economists from W.R. Hambrecht & Company pointed out that if you had invested \$10,000 in stocks in 1968, your portfolio would

William Flanagan writes a regular column on financial matters.



have been worth only \$9,540 in 1978 (assuming the stock market followed the same as the Standard & Poor's index). On the other hand, had you invested that \$10,000 in Swiss francs, it would have grown to \$33,470, or a house, to \$33,480, or a rare coin, to \$30,300. But had you put it into art—also, your investment would have risen in value to \$30,000. And that was over a decade when inflation was averaging about half that rate.

In fact, art has become such an important investment vehicle that Citicorp recently hired Dorothy Parker Bennett as its adviser. The nation's bank's investment recommendations to the bank's clients on when to buy and sell certain pieces, and at what prices, will be as well.

Yet the trouble with art, and a lot of other collectibles, is a familiar one. You often need a substantial amount of capital to buy pieces that you can be reasonably assured will have a high rate of appreciation. As someone once wrote, it doesn't take a genius to turn \$1 million into \$2 million. But just try to get that first \$1 million.

Frustrated by limited budgets, col-

lectors thus begin turning to everything from beer cans to comic books. And while there has been extraordinary appreciation in even these investments, one can derive only so much aesthetic value from a vintage Superman comic book or an old can of Pepsi Export Beer.

Better photographic prints and photographic galleries. A few years ago, for only a few dollars collectors could acquire photographic prints by the old masters or bright new artists or unique darkroom types—whatever their own tastes dictated. Demand is part of the public's growing interest in photography as an art form, the interest as col-

lecting became a fad, which became a rage, which has now become a multi-million-dollar business. Appreciation of some photographic works has been calculated at amazing. In 1968, for example, Eugene Atget's prints could be found for as little as \$14. Today they can fetch thousands of dollars. There are countless other examples, but Witkin lists to tell the story of the amateur who begged his parents for \$350 in the early Seventies to buy some Ansel Adams prints. They thought he was crazy to buy something that could be reproduced over and over. Today these prints are worth up to \$8,000 each.

Despite such activity, it is still possible to amass a fine collection of prints without having to spend a fortune. "The opportunity to collect is still without investing large amounts of money is present today in photography as in none of the other arts," says Witkin. "Photography is still relatively untapped."

Indeed, as Richard Blodgett points out in his excellent new book, *Photographs: A Collector's Guide* (Ballantine, \$12.95), prices can be had today for anywhere from \$1 to \$10,000, or

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more. But the practice attracts activity as well as the relatively modest sums of \$300 to \$800.

According to Biedgett, photographs from fall into four basic categories:
 □ Early one-of-a-kind photos on copper, glass, and tin (from the period 1839 to about 1880).
 □ Nineteenth-century paper-print photographs (1839 to 1900).
 □ Works by the master photographers 1900 to the present.
 □ Contemporary photography (approximately 1960 to the present).

Though you might assume that the oldest and rarest prints have the highest value, that is not necessarily true. One-of-a-kind daguerotypes, for example, rank as great numbers (they were quite the thing in the middle of the nineteenth century). There are countless portraits of anonymous shopkeepers, lawyers, family groups, and so forth that can be had for \$10 to \$30 and that can be found in abundance at flea markets, auctions, and vintage shops, as well as galleries.

Occasionally, of course, collectors try to score great finds in those dusty bins. One dealer bought a routine-looking daguerotype for \$5.50—then, recognizing the subject as President Franklin Pierce, who was seldom photographed.

Paper-print photographs from the nineteenth century range in price from \$20 or less up to several thousand dollars, depending upon the artist and subject matter. At the upper end of the price scale are works by the great Julia Margaret Cameron, an English photographer whose Victorian portraits and allegorical scenes sell for \$300 to \$2,500 or more.

But even at \$250 or more—small portrait prints produced in number by nineteenth-century artists, such as cartes, seascapes, and what we would call postcards—are still available for \$1 or \$2 (see examples on cost \$100 or more).

Also inexpensive is this category: stereo photography—double-image photos that give the illusion of depth when viewed through a stereoscope. You can still find stereographs for \$25 or less.

"In sum," says Biedgett, "no other sector of the photographic market offers the variety and opportunities of nineteenth-century paper-print photography."

The big investment money, on the other hand, is usually channelled into the works of the nineteenth-century masters—Alfred Stieglitz, Paul Strand, Edward Weston, Eugene Atget, Barry Allen Dodge de Meyer, Alvin Langdon Coburn, Lewis Hine, Charles Sheeler, Max Ray, Laszlo Moholy-Nagy, Walter Danks, Ansel Adams,

The big investment money is channeled into the photographs of the twentieth-century masters.

Ilean Cassin-Browne, Andre Kertész, and August Sander, among others. Prices for the works of these artists are in the \$200 to \$1,000 range and are sometimes more.

Perhaps no other area of photography has drawn as much study as does the work of twentieth-century masters, since there is much experimentation, and much disagreement among critics. "To understand contemporary photography and buy wisely, it may be important to have a background in art history or spend a great deal of time looking at photographs," says Biedgett.

Once you have found a photograph you like very fine, regardless of its category, how do you determine what it is really worth?

In general, the identity of the photographer is the most important factor. Master photographers by well-known artists will always command higher prices than outstanding works by lesser knowns. (The exception here is the picture of extraordinary historical value—such as the daguerotype of Franklin Pierce mentioned earlier.) The artist's reputation is what you rely upon when the print itself was made. Biedgett likes the scoring system for evaluation prints that was recommended by Harry H. Lutz, a noted Washington, D.C., dealer. On a scale of 1 to 100, a work is rated as follows: 100 points if it was one of the negative or within a year or two of it—printed and signed by the artist would earn 100 points. (Add a few points more for any special or significant dedication.)

The next most valuable would be a print made by the photographer a number of years after the picture was taken. Score that 90.

A print made by an assistant to the photographer under his supervision would rate about 40.

A posthumous print made by an assistant trained by the artist nets about 20. At the bottom of the list, with a value of about 5, is a posthumous print worked by a technician who never worked for the photographer.

Biedgett suggests that to avoid misrepresentation, you buy only from reputable dealers and auction houses. And if you are buying the print of a well-known photographic always at least that the list of sale specify whether

the work is a vintage print, a negative print made by the photographer or an assistant, a posthumous print, or whatever. The difference in value can be very great. A vintage print by Ansel Adams might go for as high as \$3,500, for example, while a vintage print of the same subject, made after Adams's death in 1971 by the photographer Neal Selick, might fetch only \$300.

The number of prints made from a given negative may or may not influence price. The demand for the unique—even if it has been produced in relatively high numbers—is usually the key to what a print will sell for. There are about 1,500 prints of Ansel Adams's famous "Monterey, Hernandez, New Mexico," for example, all printed by the artist himself. Up until 1975, you could order that print from him for about \$800. But after that year, Adams stopped taking print orders, and today prints of that photo fetch as much as \$13,000.

Although it is theoretically possible to make many, many prints from a single negative, such extensive printing is very rare. Making prints in large numbers would much prefer making photos to working in a darkroom. Prints are never made out in the numbers of say, woodcuts or serigraphs or other kinds of graphics. And, as mentioned, it is only the prints made directly by the photographer or under his or her direct supervision that are most highly valued.

In addition to prints, there are some of the high-quality photographs by reproduction available of works of the best nineteenth-century photographers, and there is a market for them too. Photographers are praised from sensually skilled copperplate rather than by a photographic negative. And, in general, they are not as valuable as prints. For instance, a few years ago, a platinum print of Alfred Stieglitz's "The Letter Box" sold for \$2,500 at auction, the same year, a photographic of "The Letter Box" fetched \$230.

Despite the emergence of color in movies and in books and magazines, valuable color photography are still those most favored by collectors. The main reason is simple enough: Color prints tend to fade or change color within a decade or two—unless if not properly stored for.

Yet some very interesting color work has been done for such photographers as Ernest Haas, Elton Pinner, William Eggleston, Michael Barbop, and Joel Meyerowitz. And there are some pictures—Kertész, R. & L. and The Space, all in New York—that feature color work only.

Typically, such artists' type-R color prints (the same kind you get when you send away your rolls of Kodak) range from \$130 to \$300. Dye-transfer prints, which are not as sensitive to light and hence have a longer life, can cost \$500 to \$700 or more, depending upon the photographer.

Some photographers are even doing color work with Polaroid SX-70 cameras, which produce one-of-a-kind images and offer new possibilities for experimentation. The famous contemporary photographer Walker Evans caused controversy among his contemporaries when they heard, about a year before his death, in 1975, that he was working with a Polaroid. Ansel Adams has turned out the SX-70, and the results have fetched \$1,000 or more—but lesser-known photographers SX-70 work can be had for as little as \$250.

Some experts feel that there will be more and more work done in color, while others maintain that the lack of permanence, the high cost, and the difficulty of printing colors that are true to life will continue to inhibit the collecting of color photography.

Biedgett points out that from the viewpoint of a collector, color photography represents one of the most fluid and challenging of all markets. The principal reason is that it is still so rare and there is still no clear body of critical opinion as to which photographers are important and which are not.

No matter what kind of photographs you are interested in, it is important to do your homework. Walkin suggests that you print galleries and museums and watch auctions and auction prices. (For about \$100 annually, a collector can subscribe to all the following catalogs: American catalogs from Serpenty Park House in New York and from Seidley's Belvedere and Christie's South Kensington in London, print dealer catalogs from the Light, Wilkin, and Janet Leber galleries in New York, Linn Gallery in Washington, Grigoriy Art in Arlington Heights, Illinois, Daguerrean Era in Pawley, Vermont, Charles R. Wood III Inc. in Woodstock, Connecticut, and Stephen White's Gallery in Los Angeles.)

Whelan advises reading as much as possible about photography before you make any serious purchases. Then, he urges, "collect what you like and trust your own instincts." ■

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I didn't see him, but I heard from a friend one day that Chris had checked into the emergency room of a hospital about forty miles away with a violent piece of steel stuck in his eye. It flew off the saw. Somehow he managed to drive himself to the hospital. I called to see how he was.

"Safety goggles," he said. "I don't know why I didn't think of it myself. But I picked up a pair on my way home." He was all right. But it was close. He was back in the woods that next day. "I'll tell you what," he said. "It is dangerous. I suppose you could get hurt real bad chopping wood. But you can get mashed by a train carrying coal, and you can get smothered if you live near Three Mile Island. This way, I know who the responsible party is."

In town one day, I saw him coming out of the bank. There was a lot of purpose in his walk, but he did have time for a cup of coffee.

He had done it, he explained. That morning, He had become a corporation. "I was with Mike already today," he said. "I was with Mike already today. Got all my insurance. Liability. That's all. Couldn't get corporate medical at a reasonable price. Not for cutting wood. Just had work, a guy up on the site. I'm working, had a chain saw kick back on him and hit him in the shoulder. It took two hundred stitches to close him up. I'll sue anybody who works for me to drive trucks or haul wood. I'll cut the weed myself. I'll all be part-timers and piecework, so it should be okay. And I'll be covered by my own policy."

"I just got a loan from the bank to cover my equipment. Splinter goes for five grand. And I'll need two or three acres. Hard hats. Boots. Axes. That. I'll need to lease a lot and throw up a shed. Ten thousand for the annual assessment. I'll make five or six times that much this year. And I can write the equipment off over five years."

So Chris is on his way. He will be a firewood burner and work at his other job only when there is snow on the ground and someone wants to send him to Jamaica to take pictures.

He has checked it all out. He thinks it is almost a can't-miss thing. "There is a guy over in New Hampshire," he says, "a Harvard business school type who is going to make a million and a half this year selling forward. I refer to a guy this morning, a retired hotel president. I know him because his son and I went at Coston together. He's spending his days cutting wood. Last

These are the Greek Mountains. Ethio-Alexis came from here, and we have a history of not taking a lot of crap. But I'll tell you what we need: We need a John D. Rockefeller to put it all together. The smart ones hate old John D. and all his works, but consider it your average old shuckin' backin' frontin' old man. I've got a backin' frontin', and he believe it or no, even with a quarter asked or given. But he also believed in industry and thrift and all those boring old virtues. The Arabs took us for everything they can, then spend the money gambling in London. That really hurts.

One sunny morning when it was too hot to work in the woods, I got Chen to come along and advise me while I chipped for my first wood stove.

The store where we went was something new in our town. An old barn and filled with all kinds of energy-saving equipment. It was crowded with customers and stocked with everything you needed to heat the old crunch. There were solar hot-water heaters. Converters for turning your oil-heated hot-air system to a wood burner. All manner of wood stoves. Fireplace tools. Fire extinguishers. Technical literature. Instructions on how to mend your wood stove and get its credit.

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Left to right: Anne Baxter (as Eve Harrington), Gary Merrill (as Addam De Wit), Gregory Raffell (Max Fabian), Bette Davis (Margo Channing), George Sanders (standing), Addam De Wit (Gregory Raffell), and Marilyn Monroe (Miss Crawley).

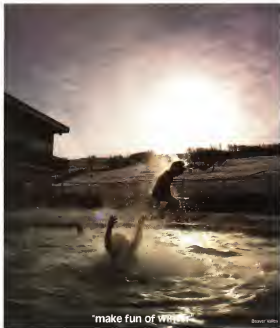
All About Eve

I^t's the 1950 movie where sophisticated, unflattering characters talk like sophisticated, scintillating characters. It's the movie where Anne Baxter showed how truly good a performer she is... where Gary Merrill fell in love with Margo Channing on screen and off... and where Gregory Raffell demonstrated his knowledge of today's fast, first action. It's the movie where Bette Davis gave us one of the screen's most memorable characters... where George Sanders proved that he could play George Sanders better than anyone else... and where Marilyn Monroe scored perfectly (typical) as "a graduate of the Cornish School of Art." Most of all, it's the movie where Hollywood took its revenge on the New York theater crowd for years of Broad-

way plays that produced life on the West Coast.

Little-known facts: A bad back forced Claudette Colbert, originally slated to play Margo Channing, to bow out ten days before shooting was to begin. Producer Danny Zanuck, desperate, offered the role to Davis. (Eight years earlier, when she angrily resigned the presidency of the motion picture academy, Zanuck warned her, "If you resign, you will never work in this town again.") Mary assumed that Margo was fashioned after Tallulah Bankhead (especially Tallulah), but writer-director Joseph L. Mankiewicz noted he had used Elizabeth Bergner as his model.

Most memorable line: "Faces your seat belt—it's going to be a bumpy night." —



"make fun of winter"

Source: Getty

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